

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ASIA

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.



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POEMS OF PLACES.

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

ASIA.

SYRIA.



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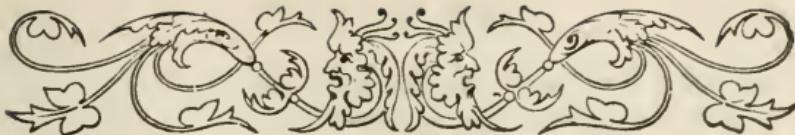
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ASIA.

WELL have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league: here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns:
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there;

Ebatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings ; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou mayst behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid
He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit ;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel :
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges and half-moons and wings.
 He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-arméd troops,
In coats of mail and military pride ;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound :
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,

And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia and the neighboring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight:
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of laboring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes armed
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And wagons, fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracea, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry.

John Milton.

THE EAST.

K NOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
'T is the clime of the East ; 't is the land of the Sun, —
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
O, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
they tell.

Lord Byron.

THE POET IN THE EAST.

THE Poet came to the Land of the East,
When Spring was in the air:
The Earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the Poet knew the Land of the East,—
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams,—
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
Beside the Western streams,
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
And the Sun sat on his throne;
The breath of gardens, deep in balm,
Was all about him blown,
And a brother to him was the princely Palm,
For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their weleome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the Poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart,—
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: “We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in minstrelsy;
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of love,
She is faithful still to me.”

And further sang the Nightingale:
“Your bower not distant lies.
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmined window rise,
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-bars,
I saw the Sultana's eyes.”

The Poet said: “I will here abide,
In the Sun's unclouded door;
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Areadian shore:
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more.”

Bayard Taylor.

THE HAREEM.

BEHIND the veil, where depth is traced
By many a complicated line,—
Behind the lattice closely laced
With filigree of choice design,—
Behind the lofty garden-wall,
Where stranger face can ne'er surprise,—
That inner world her all-in-all,
The Eastern Woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests ;
His will the single perfect law,
That scarce with choice her mind molests ;
Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth,—
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

If young and beautiful, she dwells
An Idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine ;
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honor has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,

Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
And birds make music to their loves, —
She lives a kind of fairy life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Uneconscious of the outer strife,
That wears the palpitating hours.

And when maturer duties rise
In pleasure's and in passion's place,
Her dutious loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace :
So hopes she, by untiring truth,
To win the bliss to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth,
That time can never taint or dim.

Thus in the ever-closed Harem,
As in the open Western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being's busy foam ;
Through latitudes of varying faith
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

Home of the East ! thy threshold's edge
Cheeks the wild foot that knows no fear,
Yet shrinks, as if from sacrilege,
When rapine comes thy precincts near :
Existence, whose precarious thread
Hangs on the tyrant's mood and nod,

Beneath thy roof its anxious head
Rests as within the house of God.

There, though without he feels a slave,
Compelled another's will to scan,
Another's favor forced to crave,—
There is the subject still the man :
There is the form that none but he
Can touch,— the face that he alone
Of living men has right to see ;
Not he who fills the Prophet's throne.

Then let the moralist, who best
Honors the female heart, that blends
The deep affections of the West
With thought of life's sublimest ends,
Ne'er to the Eastern home deny
Its lesser, yet not humble praise,
To guard one pure humanity
Amid the stains of evil days.

Lord Houghton.

THE MOSQUE.

A SIMPLE unpartitioned room,—
Surmounted by an ample dome,
Or, in some lands that favored lie,
With centre open to the sky,
But roofed with archéd cloisters round,
That mark the consecrated bound,
And shade the niche to Mekkeh turned,

By which two massive lights are burned ;
With pulpit whence the sacred word
Expounded on great days is heard ;
With fountain fresh, where, ere they pray,
Men wash the soil of earth away ;
With shining minaret, thin and high,
From whose fine-trellised balcony
Announcement of the hours of prayer
Is uttered to the silent air ;
Such is the Mosque,—the holy place,
Where faithful men of every race,
Meet at their ease, and face to face.

Not that the power of God is here
More manifest, or more to fear ;
Not that the glory of his face
Is circumscribed by any space ;
But that, as men are wont to meet
In court or chamber, mart or street,
For purposes of gain or pleasure,
For friendliness or social leisure,—
So, for the greatest of all ends
To which intelligence extends,
The worship of the Lord, whose will
Created and sustains us still,
And honor of the Prophet's name,
By whom the saving message came,
Believers meet together here,
And hold these precincts very dear.

The floor is spread with matting neat,
Unstained by touch of shodden feet,—

A decent and delightful seat !
Where, after due devotions paid,
And legal ordinance obeyed,
Men may in happy parlance join,
And gay with serious thought combine ;
May ask the news from lands away,
May fix the business of to-day ;
Or, with “ God willing,” at the close,
To-morrow’s hopes and deeds dispose.

Children are running in and out
With silver-sounding laugh and shout,
No more disturbed in their sweet play,
No more disturbing those that pray,
Than the poor birds, that fluttering fly
Among the rafters there on high,
Or seek at times, with grateful hop,
The corn fresh-sprinkled on the top.

So, lest the stranger’s scornful eye
Should hurt this sacred family, —
Lest inconsiderate words should wound
Devout adorers with their sound, —
Lest careless feet should stain the floor
With dirt and dust from out the door, —
’T is well that custom should protect
The place with prudence circumspect,
And let no unbeliever pass
The threshold of the faithful mass ;
That as each Muslim his Hareem
Guards even from a jealous dream,

So should no alien feeling scathe
This common home of public faith,
So should its very name dispel
The presence of the infidel.

Yet, though such reverence may demand
A building raised by human hand,
Most honor to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them everywhere !
Who, amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in thronged bazaar,
In stranger lands, however far,
However different in their reach
Of thought, in manners, dress, or speech, —
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mekkeh turn the humble head,
And, as if blind to all around,
And deaf to each distracting sound,
In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to his presencee soar,
And, in the pauses of the prayer,
Rest, as if rapt in glory there !

Lord Houghton.

THE CALL TO EVENING PRAYER.

ONE silver crescent in the twilight sky is hanging,
Another tips the solemn dome of yonder mosque.
And now the Muezzin's call is heard, sonorous clanging

Through thronged bazaar, concealed hareem, and cool kiosk :

“In the Prophet’s name, God is God, and there is no other.”

On roofs, in streets, alone, or close beside his brother,
Each Moslem kneels, his forehead turned towards Mee-
ea’s shrine,

And all the world forgotten in one thought divine.

William Rounseville Alger.

ALLAH.

ALLAH gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither.
Years vanish with flying feet ;
But my heart will live on forever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah’s dwelling
Yonder would I take flight ;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

Siegfried August Mahlmann. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

HAFIZ AND CALDERON.

LIGHT that in the Orient glows
O'er the Midland Sea is flung ;
Only he who Hafiz knows
Knows what Calderon hath sung.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. Anon.



SYRIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE HOLY LAND.

THOSE holy fields
Over whose aeres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

William Shakespeare.

THE MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maides,
Delight no more. O thou my voicee inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,

Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silencee shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innoeence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
O, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
See spicry elouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay ;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :

'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into seythes shall bend,
And the broad falehion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun :
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,

The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,

In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;

See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings
And heaped with products of Sabaean springs !

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

Alexander Pope.

THE CRUSADE.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brushed the level brine,
All in azure steel arrayed ;
O'er the wave our weapons played,
And made the dancing billows glow ;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung :

“ Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep !
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance ;
From Sion's turrets, as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
On Aeon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,

Pictured with the silver moon,
England shall end thy glory soon !
In vain to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
Those sounds our rising fury fan :
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go, —
A vaunting infidel the foe ! ”

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the lyre with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kissed the sacred earth
That gave a murdered Saviour birth !
Then with ardor fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renewed :

“Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven’s favored hills appear at last !
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel’s almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep :
O’er Engaddi’s shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm ;
See Lebanon’s aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer’s gore !
Ye trampled tombs, ye faunes forlorn,

Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
Your ravished honors to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
And, thou, the sepulchre of God,
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quenched thy lamps that beamed so bright :
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
Aloft in his heroie hand,
Blazing like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
Thy battering-engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapors damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain :
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth and Termagaunt !
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doomed to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Maeon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.

Nor magie charms nor fiends of hell
The Christian's holy courage quell.

“Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on the battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons to the sun unfold
Our cross, with crimson wove and gold!”

Thomas Warton.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep;
Yet there, even there, O God! thy thunders sleep:

There, where thy finger scorched the tablet stone;
There, where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself none living see, and not expire!

O, in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, O God!

Lord Byron.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Lord Byron.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains ;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem, —
Once she was all thy own ;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne :
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree ;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee !

Then sunk the star of Solyma, —
Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reigned as god !

“ Go,” said the Lord, “ ye conquerors !
Steep in her blood your swords,

And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's !
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead ! ”

Thomas Moore.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ;
 While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?
 Where now thy pomp which kings with envy viewed ?
 Where now thy might which all those kings subdued ?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
 No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait ;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering eourts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :
 But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
 While cold oblivion mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

* * *

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
 Delight of men below, and saints above !
 Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
 Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;

Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trae of faded pomp renew :
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardor drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;
The grot where, by the watchfire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

* * *

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teemed with golden ore ;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tiber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;
Or e'er to Greeee the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone ;
Yet here fair Sciencee nursed her infant fire,
Fanned by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then towered the palace, then in awful state
The temple reared its everlasting gate :

No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung !
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence ! — then the harp awoke,
 The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke ;
 And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
 Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the present
 God.

* * *

Lo ! star-led chiefs Assyrian odors bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant King !

* * *

Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
 Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice !
 He comes, — but not in regal splendor drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
 Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :
 Messiah comes ! let furious discord cease ;
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !

* * *

Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
 Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !
 Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn ?
 His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
 His the pale form, the meek, forgiving eye
 Raised from the cross in patient agony ?
 Be dark, thou sun, — thou noonday night, arise,
 And hide, O, hide, the dreadful sacrifice !
 Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
 Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
 Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep ;

Weep for your country, for your children weep !
Vengeance ! thy fiery wing their race pursued ;
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead :
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
And dire debate, and clamorous strife were there ;
Love, strong as death, retained his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain ;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning temple rose 'in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.
As mid the cedar courts and gates of gold
The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,
To save their Temple every hand essayed,
And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade :
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warmed the dying man !

* * *

Ah ! fruitful now no more, — an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost :
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,

The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid ;
 'T was his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
 The checkered twilight of the olive grove ;
 'T was his to bend beneath the saered gloom,
 And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb.

Reginald Heber.

ON LEAVING FRANCE FOR THE EAST.

IF to the fluttering folds of the quick sail
 My all of peace and comfort I impart ;
 If to the treacherous tide and wavering gale
 My wife and child I lend, my soul's best part ;
 If on the seas, the sands, the clouds, I cast
 Fond hopes, and beating hearts I leave behind,
 With no returning pledge beyond a mast
 That bends with every blast of wind, —

'T is not the paltry thirst of gold could fire
 A heart that ever glowed with holier flame,
 Nor glory tempt me with the vain desire
 To gild my memory with a fleeting fame.
 I go not, like the Florentine of old,
 The bitter bread of banishment to eat ;
 No wave of faction, in its wildest roar,
 Broke on my calm paternal seat.

*

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But in the soul's unfathomable wells,
 Unknown, inexplicable longings sleep ;

Like that strange instinct which the bird impels
In search of other food athwart the deep.
What from those orient climes have they to gain?
Have they not nests as mossy in our eaves,
And, for their callow progeny, the grain
Dropped from a thousand golden sheaves?

I too, like them, could find my portion here,
Enjoy the mountain slope, the river's foam,—
My humble wishes seek no loftier sphere;
And yet like them I go, like them I come.
Dim longings draw me on and point my path
To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
The cradle of the world, where God in wrath
Hardened the human heart of yore.

I have not yet felt on the sea of sand
The slumberous rocking of the desert bark;
Nor quenched my thirst at eve with quivering hand
By Hebron's well, beneath the palm-trees dark;
Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
Nor laid me in the dust where Job hath lain,
Nor, while the canvas murmured overhead,
Dreamed Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages one is yet unread:
How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
How the heart beats, when God appears so nigh;
How on the soul, beside some column lone,
The shadows of old days descend and hover,—

How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
And the breeze wails that wanders over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar-top
The cries of nations echo to and fro,
Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
On Tyre's deep-buried palaces below ;
I have not laid my head upon the ground
Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
Nor startled, with my footfall's dreary sound,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the loud-lamenting river weeps,
With moans and cries sublimer even than those
With which the mournful Prophet stirred its deeps ;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspire
In the deep grot, where he, the bard of kings,
Felt, at the dead of night, a hand of flame
Seize on his harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain whereon,
Beneath the olive-tree, the Saviour wept ;
Nor traed his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all outswept ;
Nor, in the garden, watched through nights sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime
Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where his ascending footstep pressed the clay ;

Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn grot
 Where, in his mother's tears embalmed, he lay ;
 Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain-head
 Where, even in death, conquering the Powers of Air,
 His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
 And bowed his head, to bless it there.

For these I leave my home ; for these I stake
 My little span of useless years below :
 What matters it where winter-winds may shake
 The trunk that yields nor fruit nor foliage now ?
 Fool ! says the crowd. Theirs is the foolish part !
 Not in one spot can the soul's food be found ;
 No !—to the poet thought is bread, his heart
 Lives on his Maker's works around.

Alphonse de Lamartine. Tr. Anon.

THE LAST CRUSADE.

LEFT to the Saviour's conquering foes,
 The land that girds the Saviour's grave ;
 Where Godfrey's crosier-standard rose,
 He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently broken vale,
 The halo-light on Zion glowed ;
 There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
 By tombs of saints and heroes flowed ;
 There still the olives silver o'er
 The dimness of the distant hill ;

There still the flowers that Sharon bore,
Calm air with many an odor fill.

Slowly the last Crusader eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain !

He thought of that sublime array,
The hosts that over land and deep
The Hermit marshalled on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep !

Resigned the loved familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
The empire of a sepulchre !

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife :
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
The valor prodigal of life !

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind, —
Like waves on shore, they reached the goal,
To die, and leave no trace behind !

“O God !” the last Crusader cried,
“And art thou careless of thine own ?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne !

“And shall we leave, from age to age,
 To godless hands the holy tomb ?
 Against thy saints the heathen rage, —
 Launch forth thy lightnings and consume !”

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
 A form flashed, white-robed, from above ;
 All Heaven was in those looks of light,
 But Heaven, whose native air is love.

“ Alas ! ” the solemn vision said,
 “ Thy God is of the shield and spear, — ^{*}
 To bless the quick and raise the dead,
 The Saviour-God descended here !

“ Ask not the Father to reward
 The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son ;
 O warrior ! never by the sword
 The Saviour’s Holy Land is won ! ”

Edward, Lord Lytton.

PALESTINE.

HAIL to the hills where Desolation weeps,
 Yet holy watch untiring Memory keeps !
 Hail to the vales where Plenty laughs no more,
 Or mantling vines display their purple store,
 But every rock with history’s wreath is crowned,
 And every barren glen is hallowed ground !
 Hail to the streams that flow not now along

Blessed by the saint, or charmed by holy song,
Yet seem the haunt of angels, that still glide
By tree and cave, and skim the silent tide !
Hail to the spot Heaven favored, land divine,
Revered, long-suffering, beauteous Palestine !

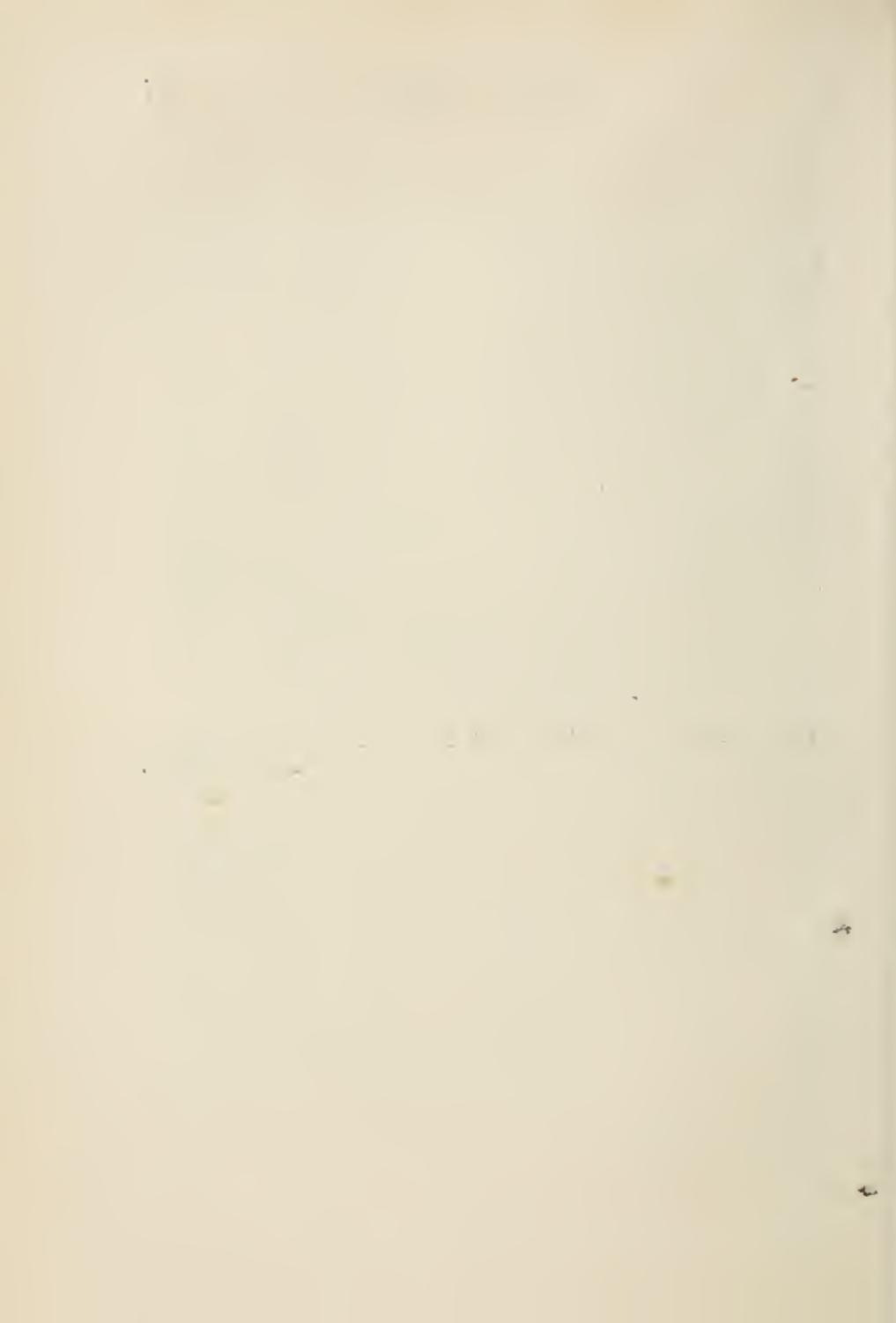
Ah ! who so cold can gaze, and wander here,
Nor feel his bosom thrill, nor shed a tear ?
Thrill, when he thinks of glorious times of yore,
And weep to know that glory ever o'er.
The ground he treads a thousand saints have trod,
Prophets, far-visioned bards, and seers of God.
The ruined tower, the once-green olived hill,
The stony waste, the half-choked fount and rill,
Each tells its tale that prompts a hope or sigh,
Linked with celestial memories ne'er to die.
The harp of Judah sounds o'er Sharon's vale,
Though there no more the roses scent the gale :
Despite the Roman's plough, and Moslem's shrine,
Faney beholds the Temple's splendors shine ;
High stands on Olivet that sacred form,
Bright in our world as rainbow in a storm ;
By Kedron's tomb-lined brook he wanders slow,
Teaches his followers mid those caves below,
Sheds tears loved Salem's bitter fate to tell,
Or leans and talks by blessed Samaria's well :
Yes, those far ages flash a heavenly ray,
That hallows every scene we here survey.

Nicholas Michell.

SYRIA.

LOW, gentle airs ! but on your balmy wing
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,
No spiey buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,
No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,
Nor all the wealth that down Orontes' tide
With Syrian softness hardier climes supplied.
Blow, gentle airs ! on this fair Eastern eve,
With breath as holy as the land ye leave ;
From Lebanon's peaks, from blue Gennesareth's shore,
On the worn heart divine refreshment pour ;
From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,
Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast ;
And in the calm and brightness mirrored here
Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere.

Lord Morpeth.





SYRIA.

Acre (Ptolemais).

PTOLEMAIS.

NO city on the many peopled earth
Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
As thou hast, Ptolemais! and by whom
Were they achieved? by Britons, one and all.
The first our lion-hearted king may claim;
And who the second? he who drove across
The torrid desert the (till then uneheekt)
Invader, from those realms the Ptolemies
Ruled, and the Cæsars followed in their train,—
Sidney, the last of chivalry. One more
Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
Inviting on thy walls: he also bore
A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,—
Napier was he.

’Tis something to have held
His hand in mine, ’tis somewhat to record
One of his actions in the crowded page.

Walter Savage Landor.

Adullam.

CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have,
Nor spring nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parched them there.
Then David, King of Israel,
Straight bethought him of a well,
Which stood beside the city gate,
At Bethlem; where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad;
But now his fierce Philistine foe
Eneamped before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less, with heat opprest,
Those three bold captains he addrest;
And wished that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.
The mighty Three the ranks broke through
Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their armed foes they haste,

With the hard-earned treasure graced.
But when the good King David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water poured. "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it, God forbid."

Charles Lamb.

Antioch.

CYPRIAN. In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society.
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth the labor, and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among the dim gray clouds on the horizon
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; and here
I shall expect you.

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou?

DÆMON. 'T is a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place, and my poor horse, at last
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYP. 'T is singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road.

DÆM. And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it.

Pedro Calderon. Tr. P. B. Shelley.

Baalbec.

BAALBEC.

BAALBEC ! thou glorious city ! where the sun,
Long ages back, mysterious worship won ;
Where, turning eastward, myriads bent the knee,
Well might Day's burning god be proud of thee.
As now he sinks behind the cedarèd hills,
Bathing with gold the rocks and falling rills,
Doth he not view, with sad, regretful eye,
The beauteous wreck of glories long gone by,
And teach the desert wind to creep and moan
Around each prostrate shaft and ivied stōne ?

* * *

City of mystery ! by whose hands were piled
These gorgeous fanes on Syria's lonely wild ?
No record tells, but Roman art is here,
More rich than chaste, more splendid than severe.
Who reared you stones ? — or were they upward hurled,
The huge foundations of a granite world ?
A hundred giants could not lift them there, —
Did Eblis build their mass, or powers of air ?
We ask in vain, and only marvelling stand,
And scarce believe that work by human hand.
And yet, perchance, far back in history's night,
These blocks were heaved by old Phœnician might,
And here, since Abraham walked the world, have lain,
The elder Baalbee's dark and sole remain.

Nicholas Michell.

Bethany.

BETHANY.

AND fast beside the olive-bordered way
 Stands the blessed home, where Jesus deigned to
 stay,
 The peaceful home, to zeal sincere
 And heavenly contemplation dear,
 Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
 And wiser Mary lingered at Thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,
 Thou lov'st thy chosen remnant to divide ;
 Sprinkled along the waste of years
 Full many a soft green isle appears :
 Pause where we may upon the desert road,
 Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.

John Keble.

LAZARUS AND MARY.

JESUS was there but yesterday. The prints
 Of his departing feet were at the door ;
 His “ Peace be with you ! ” was yet audible
 In the rapt porch of Mary’s charmed ear ;
 And in the low rooms t’ was as if the air,
 Hushed with his going forth, had been the breath
 Of angels left on watch, so conscious still

The place seemed of his presence ! Yet, within,
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,
For Lazarus lay dead.

And Mary sat

By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.
The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt
With his benignant smile,—the soft, fair lines
Breathing of hope, were still all eloquent,
Like life well mocked in marble. That the voice,
Gone from those pallid lips, was heard in heaven,
Toned with unearthly sweetness,—that the light,
Quenched in the closing of those stirless lids,
Was veiling before God its timid fire,
New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve,—
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,
Not with this cold clay sleeping,—Mary knew.
Her heaviness of heart was not for him !
But close had been the tie by death divided.
The intertwining locks of that bright hair
That wiped the feet of Jesus, the fair hands
Clasped in her breathless wonder while he taught,
Scarce to one pulse thrilled more in unison,
Than with one soul this sister and her brother
Had locked their lives together. In this love,
Hallowed from stain, the woman's heart of Mary
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.
Of an unblemished beauty, as became
An office by archangels filled till now,
She walked with a celestial halo clad ;
And while, to the Apostles' eyes, it seemed

She but fulfilled her errand out of heaven,
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God,
She was a woman, fond and mortal still;
And the deep fervor, lost to passion's fire,
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In vain
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,
That it was not her brother. He was there,—
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave,—
The same loved one in all his comeliness,
And with him to the grave her heart must go.
What though he talked of her to angels,—nay,
Hovered in spirit near her? — 't was that arm
Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,
Morning and eve, love hemmed the sweet day in;
This was the form by the Judean maids
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walked
With her by Kedron in the eventide,—
The dead was Lazarus!

* * *

The burial was over, and the night
Fell upon Bethany, and morn, and noon.
And comforters and mourners went their way,
But death stayed on! They had been oft alone,
When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear
His teachings in Jerusalem; but this
Was more than solitude. The silence now
Was void of expectation. Something felt
Always before, and loved without a name,—
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,
Welcome and life from off the very walls,—

Seemed gone, and in the chamber where he lay
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,
Stiller than night's last hour. So fell on Mary
The shadows all have known who, from their hearts,
Have released friends to heaven. The parting soul
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky !
As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun ;
And, to the eye strained after, 't is a cloud
That bars the light from all things.

Now as Christ

Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth
With Martha, mourning Lazarus. But Mary
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh
When He would go again, as he had said,
Unto his father ; and she felt that he,
Who loved her brother Lazarus in life,
Had chose the hour to bring him home through death
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone,
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,
"Thy will be done, O God!" — but that dear brother
Had filled the cup and broke the bread for Christ ;
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt
And washed those holy feet, came Lazarus
To bind his sandals on, and follow forth
With drooped eyes, like an angel, sad and fair, —
Intent upon the Master's need alone.
Indissolubly linked were they ! And now,
To go to meet him, Lazarus not there,
And to his greeting answer, "It is well!"

And without tears (since grief would trouble him
Whose soul was always sorrowful) to kneel
And minister alone,— her heart gave way!
She covered up her face and turned again
To wait within for Jesus. But once more
Came Martha, saying, “Lo! the Lord is here
And calleth for thee, Mary!” Then arose
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sate
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up
The golden locks of her dishevelled hair,
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,
As she made ready to go forth, a calm
As in a dream fell on her.

At a fount

Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near
Were the wayworn disciples in the shade;
But, of himself forgetful, Jesus leaned
Upon his staff, and watched where she should come
To whose one sorrow — but a sparrow's falling —
The pity that redeemed a world could bleed!
And as she came, with that uncertain step,
Eager, yet weak, her hands upon her breast,
And they who followed her all fallen back
To leave her with her sacred grief alone,
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,
And the disciples rose up from the fount,
Moved by her look of woe, and gathered round;
And Mary, for a moment, ere she looked

Upon the Saviour, stayed her faltering feet,
And straightened her veiled form, and tighter drew
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast ;
Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,
She staggered to their midst, and at his feet
Fell prostrate, saying, "Lord ! hadst thou been here,
My brother had not died !" The Saviour groaned
In spirit, and stooped tenderly, and raised
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,
Broke in its utteranee like her own, he said,
"Where have ye laid him ?" Then the Jews who came,
Following Mary, answered through their tears,
"Lord, come and see !" But lo ! the mighty heart
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,
Taking for us the cup that might not pass,—
The heart whose breaking eord upon the cross
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid
To look upon his agony,—the heart
Of a lost world's Redeemer,—overflowed,
Touched by a mourner's sorrow ! Jesus wept.

Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,
Stood Mary there ; but that last burden now
Lay on his heart who pitied her ; and Christ,
Following slow, and groaning in himself,
Came to the sepulchre. It was a eave,
And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,
"Take ye away the stone !" Then lifted he
His moistened eyes to heaven, and while the Jews
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,

And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,
The Son of God prayed audibly. He ceased,
And for a minute's space there was a hush,
As if the angelic watchers of the world
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ
Shone as he stood, and over him there came
Command, as 't were the living face of God,
And with a loud voice, he cried, "Lazarus !
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,
He that was dead stood with them. At the word
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud ;
And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,
Ran to him swiftly, and cried, "Lazarus !
My brother, Lazarus !" and tore away
The napkin she had bound about his head,
And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand,
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down
And worshipped him who loved them.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

THE HOUSE OF BETHANY.

SCARCE fifteen furlongs from the city-gates,
Embayed among the green Judæan hills
(Not yet the wrath was come to the uttermost
Upon that land), like a dew-drop in a leaf

Lay Bethany. Who knows not Bethany,
The town of Mary and her sister, loved
By our dear Lord, what time his blessed feet
Were known in Jewry? Who will place me there?
What spirit that whilom wont with viewless wing
Angelical, on ancient Olivet,
Temper the sultry wind of midsummer
For the pale forehead of the Son of Man,
Walking to Bethany, will bid the home,
By him beloved, stand as then it stood
Beneath the summer sky? No home, methinks,
Such as high fancy frames with delicate craft
In the sunny Orient,—where the half-shut eye
Sees the great stars and the transparent blue
Betwixt two marble columns,—and around
The rich red roses swing like wreaths of fire,—
And spouted water all night passioneth
Its silver weeping in a purple shell.
Not such a home in sooth, yet beautiful,
With lovelier beauty. Prospect is there thence
Of the Holy City, joy of all the earth,
Theatre of miracles and of mysteries;
And of that fane with all its marble pomp,
Which, moonlight-touched, might seem a great white rose
Worn in the night-dark hair of goddess old.
There to that home in Bethany came up
The city murmurs,—murmurs of that sea
Which roars or sobs forever in the streets,
With every drop of every wave a life;
And there the arméd heel and ringing tread
Of Pilate's sentinels, pacing to and fro,

Was almost heard upon a quiet eve.
 But to that home came too, forevermore,
 Or came, or seemed to come,—an echo, blent
 With Kedron's murmurs of the mighty music
 Up from the Temple, that had panted round
 Fragrant and fadeless flowers, that live on
 Steeped in the eternal sunset of their gold,
 With incense rolling round about like clouds,
 And silver lamps hung over them like stars,
 And chants that hurried by them like a river;
 There, too, were things wherewith the childlike East
 Is well content to entertain the hours,—
 Garden and grove, and marble to allure
 The fountain,—and a sepulchre hard by.

Anonymous.

AT BETHANY.

MARThA, busy about household affairs. MARY, sitting at the feet of CHRIST.

MARThA. She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,
 And troubles not herself with houschold cares.
 'T is the old story. When a guest arrives
 She gives up all to be with him; while I
 Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-chamber,
 Prepare the food, set everything in order,
 And see that naught is wanting in the house.
 She shows her love by words, and I by works.

MARY. O Master! when thou comest, it is always
 A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work;
 I must sit at thy feet; must see thee, hear thee!

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,
Striving for something that it cannot reach,
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry ;
And only when I hear thee am I happy,
And only when I see thee am at peace !
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far better
In every manner, is my sister Martha,
Thou seest how well she orders everything
To make thee welcome ; how she comes and goes,
Careful and cumbered ever with much serving,
While I but welcome thee with foolish words !
Whene'er thou speakest to me, I am happy ;
When thou art silent, I am satisfied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask no more.
Only to be with thee, only to see thee,
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.
I wonder I am worthy of so much.

MARTHA. Lord, dost thou care not that my sister
Mary

Hath left me thus to wait on thee alone?
I pray thee, bid her help me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Bethlehem.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive-green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze.

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed ;
And hid his head for shame,

As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need :
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below :
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep :

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal singer strook ;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

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John Milton.

CHRIST'S BIRTH IN AN INN.

THE blessed Virgin travailed without pain,
 And lodgéd in an inn,
 A glorious star the sign,
 But of a greater guest than ever came that way,
 For there he lay
 That is the God of night and day,
 And over all the powers of heaven doth reign.

It was the time of great Augustus' tax,
 And then He comes
 That pays all sums,
 Even the whole price of lost humanity ;
 And sets us free
 From the ungodly emperie
 Of sin, of Satan, and of death.

O, make our hearts, blest God, thy lodging-place !
 And in our breast
 Be pleased to rest,
 For thou lov'st temples better than an inn,
 And cause that sin
 May not profane the Deity within,
 And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

RUN, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears,
 We bring the best of news, be not dismayed,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than years,

Amidst Heaven's rolling heights this earth who stayed ;
In a poor cottage inned, a virgin maid, —
There is he poorly swaddled, in manger laid, —
A weakling did him bear, who all upbears,
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres :
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth,
This is that night, no, — day grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is ;
In Heaven be glory, peace unto the earth.
Thus singing through the air the angels swam,
And cope of stars re-echoéd the same.

William Drummond.

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer night !
Night to best days in which a sun doth rise,
Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light :
And blessed ye, in silly pastor's sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent Youngling, holy maid-born Wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophesies :
Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread,
Though withered ; blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck, and be a carpet to that place.
Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the Babe, the shepherds bowed on knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees.

William Drummond.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IT was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

'T was in the calm and silent night !—
 The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home !
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What reeked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor :
A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed — for naught
 Told what was going on within ;

How keen the stars ! his only thought ;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference !— low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares :
The earth was still — but knew not why ;
The world was listening — unawares !
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

Alfred Domett.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come Heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judæa stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains !

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed saered glories there ;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply ;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The dayspring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

“ Glory to God ! ” the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring ;
 Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's Eternal King !

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born !
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA.

IN Bethlehem He first arose,
From whom we draw our true life's breath;
And Golgotha at last he chose,
Where his cross broke the power of death.
I wandered from the Western strand,
Through strange scenes of the Morning Land;
But naught so great did I survey
As Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The ancient wonders of the world
Here rose aloft,— the mighty Seven;
How was their transient glory hurled
To earth before the might of Heaven!
In passing, I could see and tell
How all their pride to ruin fell;
There stood in quiet Gloria
But Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Cease, Pyramids of Egypt, cease!
The toil that built you never gave
The faintest thought of Death's great peace,—
'T was but the darkness of a grave.
Ye Sphinxes, in colossal stone!
The riddle Life an unread one
Ye left;— the answer found its way
Through Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Rocknabad, earth's Paradise,
Of all Shiraz the sweetest flower!

Ye Indian sea-coasts, breathing spice,
Where groves of palm in beauty tower;—
I see o'er all your sunny plains
The step of Death leave sable stains.
Look up! There comes a deathless ray
From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Caaba! black stone of the waste,
At which the feet of half our line
Yet stumble. Stand, now, proudly braced
Beneath thy crescent's waning shine!
The moon before the sun grows dim;
Thou art shattered by the sign of Him,
The conquering Prince. "Victoria!"
Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou, who in a shepherd-stable
An infant willingly hast lain,
And through the cross's pain wert able
To give the victory over pain!
To pride the manger seems disgrace;
The cross a vile, unworthy place;
But what shall bring this pride down? Say!
'Tis Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The Magi kings went forth to see
The Shepherd Stock, the Paschal Lamb;
And to the cross on Calvary
The pilgrimage of nations came.
Amidst the battle's stormy toss,
All flew to splinters,— but the Cross;

As East and West encamping lay
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O, march we not in martial band,
But with the Spirit's flag unfurled !
Let us subdue the Holy Land
As Christ himself subdued the world.
Let beams of light on every side
Fly, like Apostles, far and wide,
Till all men catch the beams that play
O'er Bethlehem and Golgotha.

With pilgrim staff and scallop-shell
Through Eastern climes I sought to roam ;
This counsel have I found to tell,
Brought from my travels to my home : —
With staff and scallop do not erave
To see Christ's cradle and his grave.
Turn inward ! there in clearest day
View Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart ! what helps it, that the knee
Upon his natal spot is bended ?
What helps it, reverently to see
The grave from which he soon ascended ?
Let him within thee find his birth ;
And do thou die to things of earth,
And live him ; — let this be for aye
Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. N. L. Frothingham.

RACHEL'S TOMB.

WHAT mouldering pile near Ephrath stands alone,
With dome-shaped top, and base of massy stone?
Rude is the chamber where her bones repose,
Yet here, 't is said, fair Rachel's pillar rose.
Ah! sad her fate in Nature's pangs to die;
To sorrowing friends I hear her parting sigh;
I see her husband's woe, his streaming tear,
His last fond kiss before he laid her here,
His anguished brow, where smiles no more would be,
For ne'er was wife, poor Rachel! loved like thee.

Nicholas Michell.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

“Of the child that is born,” said Baltasar,
“Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews.”

And the people answered, “You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!”
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, “Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king.”

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,

Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,

Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :
The gold was a tribute to the King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,

Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SHEPHERDS.

THE night was moonless ; Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch ; their flocks around them
slept.

To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turned,
And to the fires that there eternal burned.
Those azure regions had been peopled long
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song :
And there the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The swan and eagle wing their silent flight ;
And from their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew ;
Saw thiere the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,
In the thin mist of Berenice's hair ;
And there Boötes roll his lueid wain,
On sparkling wheels, along the ethereal plain ;
And there the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,

Pursue forever the star-studded lyre ;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's charioteer
Urge round the Cynosure his bright career.

While thus the shepherds watched the host of night,
O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light.
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine ;
And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold,
When that high anthem, clear and strong and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :
" Glory to God, benevolence to man,
Peace to the world " ; and in full concert came,
From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Lingered and languished on Judæa's plains.
Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew :
All ? — all but one, that hung and burned alone,
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar
Glow unextinguished ; 't was Salvation's Star.

John Pierpont.

NAOMI.

TWO sad-faced women, haggard, worn, and wan,
Passed wearily through Bethlehem's sun-scorched
street ;
The city, moved to pity, round them ran, .

And some with wondering cry the strangers greet,
 “What! Is this Naomi?” She quickly broke
 Upon them trembling, as they thus began,—
 “Call me not Naomi,” she weeping spoke,
 “For Naomi is numbered with the dead;
 My name is Mara, for, O friends, with me
 The Lord hath dealt exceeding bitterly!

“The hand of God has touched me, and I mourn;
 Has robbed me both of husband and of son;
 Woe worth the bitter day that I was born!
 My prop; my stay, my life of life, is gone;
 I went out full, empty come back to you,
 A widow, childless, desolate, and forlorn;
 The graves in Moab hold my dead heart too,
 I left it with them where they sleep in peace.
 So from my years has gone the sun, the light;
 I grope as one through some dark dreary night.”

Charles D. Bell.

THEY GAVE TO THEE.

THIEY gave to Thee
 Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
 But, Lord, with what shall we
 Present ourselves before thy majesty,
 Whom thou redeemedst when we were sold?
 We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither;
 Vile dirt and clay;
 Yet it is soft, and may
 Impression take.

Aeeept it, Lord, and say, this thou hadst rather ;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.

Jeremy Taylor.

WHEN JORDAN HUSHED HIS WATERS STILL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, —

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky ;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung :

“ O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye :
The long-expected hour is nigh ;

The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

Thomas Campbell.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Traveller ! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come !

John Bowring.



Calvary, the Mount.

CALVARY.

SEE where the Author of all life is dying :
S O fearful day ! he dead, what hope of living ?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying.
O cheerful day ! they bought, what fear of grieving ?

Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving :
 Lo, how his arms are stretched abroad to grace thee,
 And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee :
 Why stay'st thou then, my soul ! O, fly, fly, thither
 - haste thee.

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
 His tender baek with bloody whips they rent,
 His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
 His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
 And, as to disentraile his soul they meant,
 They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
 His naked body to expose to shame,
 That all might come to see, and all might see that came.

Whereat the Heaven put out his guilty eye
 That durst behold so execrable sight,
 And sabled all in blaek the shady sky,
 And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
 Quenched their everlasting lamps in night :
 And at his birth, as all the stars Heaven had
 Were not enow, but a new star was made ;
 So now, both new, and old, and all away did fade.

Giles Fletcher.

MATER DOLOROSA.

WEEPING stood his mother, sighing
 By the cross where Jesus, dying,
 Hung aloft on Calvary ;
 Through her soul, in sorrow moaning,

Bowed in grief, in spirit groaning,
Pierced the sword in misery.

Filled with grief beyond all others,
Mother — blessed among mothers —
Of the God-begotten Son !

How she sorroweth and grieveth,
Trembling as she thus perceiveth
Dying her unspotted one !

* Who could there refrain from weeping,
Seeing Christ's dear mother keeping
In her grief, so bitterly ?
Who could fail to share her anguish,
Seeing thus the mother languish,
Lost in woe so utterly ?

For the trespass of his nation
She beheld his laceration,
By their scourges suffering.
She beheld her dearest taken,
Crucified and God-forsaken,
Dying by their torturing.

Mother, fountain of affection,
Let me share thy deep dejection,
Let me share thy tenderness ;
Let my heart, thy sorrow feeling,
Love of Christ, the Lord, revealing,
Be like thine in holiness !

All his stripes, O, let me feel them,
On my heart forever seal them,

Printed there enduringly,
 All his woes, beyond comparing,
 For my sake in anguish bearing,
 Let me share them willingly.

By thy side let me be weeping,
 True condolence with him keeping,
 Weeping all my life with thee ;
 Near the cross with thee abiding,
 Freely all thy woes dividing,
 In thy sorrow joined with thee.

Virgin, of all virgins fairest,
 Let me feel the love thou bearest,
 Sharing all thy suffering ;
 Let me feel the death they gave him,
 Crucified in shame to save them,
 Dying without murmuring.

Let me feel their blows so crushing,
 Let me drink the current gushing
 From his wounds when crucified.
 By a heavenly zeal excited,
 When the judgment fires are lighted
 Then may I be justified.

On the Cross of Christ relying,
 Through his death redeemed from dying,
 By his favor fortified ;
 When my mortal frame is perished,
 Let my spirit then be cherished,
 And in heaven be glorified.

Jacopone da Todi. Tr. E. C. Benedict.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE stones they raise,
Life's hope decays,—
With insults greeted
And woes repeated,
Affection gone,
Woe stands alone;
Who suffers this? O, tell!
'T is He who loves so well.

Lights darkened all,
The stone-showers fall,
The wild winds blowing,
His long hair flowing,
His eyes are wet,
Thorns wound his feet.
Who suffers this? O, tell!
'T is He who loves so well.

Perplexed the road,
His breast a load;
His heart is torn:
The world in scorn,—
The flowers are faded,
The sun is shaded.
Who suffers this? O, tell!
'T is He who loves so well.

What weary sighs,
 And weeping eyes,
 And plaints forbid,
 And glories hid,
 And absenee drear
 From friends sineere.
 Who suffers this? O, tell!
 'T is He who loves so well.

A clouded star,
 A journey far,
 A fearful doom,
 A day of gloom;
 The path mistaken,—
 By all forsaken.
 Who suffers this? O, tell!
 'T is He who loves so well.

Maria Doceo. Tr. J. Bowring.

BOUND UPON THE ACCURSED TREE.

BOUND upon the accurséd tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is he?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
 By the flesh, with seourges torn;
 By the crown of twisted thorn;
 By the side so deeply pierced;
 By the baffled, burning thirst;
 By the drooping death-dewed brow:
 Son of Man, 't is thou! 't is thou!

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil :
By earth, that trembles at his doom ;
By yonder saints who burst their tomb ;
By Eden promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side ;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow :
Son of God, 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry ;
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Cruefied ! we know thee now :
Son of Man, 't is thou ! 't is thou !

Bound upon the accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the prayer for them that slew, —
“Lord, they know not what they do !”
By the spoiled and empty grave ;
By the souls he died to save ;
By the conquest he hath won ;
By the saints before his throne :
By the rainbow round his brow ;
Son of God, 't is thou ! 't is thou !

O SACRED HEAD ! NOW WOUNDED.

O SACRED Head ! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown ;
O sacred Head ! what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest !
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst :
What shame on thee is hurled !
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn ;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn !

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek,
Alas ! they have departed ;
Wan Death has rifled all !
For, weak and broken-hearted,
I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain :

Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour :
'T is I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer :
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I 've taken
My place, — forbid me not !
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold thee,
In agony opprest,
Then, then, will I enfold thee
Within this arm and breast !

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,

Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
O, make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

And when I am departing,
O, part not thou from me !
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throes,
Release me from mine anguish
By thine own pain and woe !

Be near me when I'm dying,
O, show thy cross to me ;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. J. W. Alexander.

MOUNT CALVARY.

TWAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the guilty cross.
Day of darkness ! day of terror !
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall and Eden's loss.

Haste ! prepare the bitter chalice !
Mortal hate and mortal malice
Lift the royal victim high !
Like the serpent wonder-gifted,
Which the prophet once uplifted,
For a sinful world to die.

Cruel hands with thorns have crowned him,
Cruel tongues are raving round him,
Jew and Gentile fiercely lower.
Friends are false and foes are many :
“ *Eli, lama sabachthani, —*
Father, save me from this hour.”

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his face doth hide.
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled when the Just One died.

“It is finished!” Man of sorrows!
 From thy cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While, extended there, we view thee,
 Mighty sufferer! draw us to thee,
 Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows wonder-gifted,
 May that sacred symbol be;
 High and hoar amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes and of sages,
 May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
 Sorrow’s depth for us hath sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.
 Honored be thy cross forever!
 Star that points our high endeavor.
 Whither thou hast gone before!

Frederick Henry Hedge.



Capernaum.

CAPERNAUM.

BUT near where Jordan, rippling, joins the lake,
 And towering hills a wilder aspect take,
 Dark groups of ruin draw the traveller’s eye,
 And while they prompt reflection ask a sigh.

Frieze, cornice, pillar, lie in mouldering heaps,
Where in the sun the listless adder sleeps.
With ivies hung by Ruin's mocking hand,
A huge black pile o'erlooks the wave-kissed sand ;
Here frowns a building, pierced with arches gray,
Temple or royal palace, who may say ?
Within those courts their tents wild Arabs spread,
Or some fell robber hides his dastard head :
Bright pleasure's town, where sorrow shed no tear,
'T is proud Capernaum, all thou see'st here !

Nicholas Michell.

MARY MAGDALEN.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn !
Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh !

Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree:
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
Forever, towards the skies.

Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,—
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there,—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,

She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse,—and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

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It was night,—

And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff,—for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,

And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power,
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"Master, my daughter!"

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The same silvery light

That shone upon the lone rock by the sea
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam

Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
“Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!”
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour’s voice sank thrillingly and low,
“She is not dead,—but sleepeth.”

They passed in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air,—
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o’er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,

And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and, falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'T was heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"Maiden! arise!" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance, arose!

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Damascus.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

THE midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all Heaven's resplendent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment,—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?—
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field

His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance;

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if the Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

“Ah! wherefore persecut’st thou me?”
He heard and saw, and sought to free
 His strained eye from the sight:
But Heaven’s high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
 The insufferable light.

* * *

John Keble.

AN ORIENTAL IDYL.

A SILVER javelin which the hills
Have hurled upon the plain below,
The fleetest of the Pharpar's rills,
Beneath me shoots in flashing flow.

I hear the never-ending laugh
Of jostling waves that come and go,
And suck the bubbling pipe, and quaff
The sherbet cooled in mountain snow.

The flecks of sunshine gleam like stars
Beneath the canopy of shade;

And in the distant, dim bazaars
I scarcely hear the hum of trade.

No evil fear, no dream forlorn,
Darkens my heaven of perfect blue;
My blood is tempered to the morn,—
My very heart is steeped in dew.

What Evil is I cannot tell;
But half I guess what Joy may be;
And, as a pearl within its shell,
The happy spirit sleeps in me.

I feel no more the pulse's strife,—
The tides of Passion's ruddy sea,—
But live the sweet, unconscious life
That breathes from yonder jasmine-tree.

Upon the glittering pageantries
Of gay Damascus' streets I look
As idly as a babe that sees
The painted pictures of a book.

Forgotten now are name and race;
The Past is blotted from my brain;
For Memory sleeps, and will not trace
The weary pages o'er again.

I only know the morning shines,
And sweet the dewy morning air;
But does it play with tendrilled vines,
Or does it lightly lift my hair?

Deep-sunken in the charmed repose,
This ignorance is bliss extreme;
And whether I be Man, or Rose,
O, pluck me not from out my dream!

Bayard Taylor.

CAFÉS IN DAMASCUS.

LANGUIDLY the night-wind bloweth .
From the garden round,
Where the clear Barrada floweth
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute-note's sweetest shiver
Can such music find,
As is on a wandering river,
On a wandering wind.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming
O'er the inward world,
While around the fragrant steaming
Of the smoke is curled,

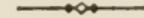
Rising from the coffee berry,
Dark grape of the South;
Or the pipe of polished cherry,
With its amber mouth,

Cooled by passing through the water,
Gurgling as it flows,—
Scented by the Summer's daughter,
June's impassioned rose.

By that Rose's spirit haunted
Are the dreams that rise,
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,
And of deep black eyes.

Thus with some sweet dream's assistance,
Float they down life's stream ;
Would to Heaven our whole existence
Could be such a dream !

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.



Endor.

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head !
King, behold the phantom seer !"

Earth yawned ; he stood the centre of a cloud :
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud :
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
His hand was withered and his veins were dry ;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare :
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.

Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

“ Why is my sleep disquieted ?
Who is he that calls the dead ?
Is it thou, O king ? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
Such are mine ; and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me :
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day ;
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow :
And the falehion by thy side
To thy heart, thy hand shall guide :
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul ! ”

Lord Byron.

WITCH OF ENDOR.

DARK Endor ! canst thou now existing be ?
How creeps the blood, as thus we gaze on thee !
Hath nothing changed ? Time’s wave rolled on unfelt ?
Is this the cave where Endor’s Sorceress dwelt ?
Our fancy leaps past years, — we see her now
Stand in the midst, with scorched and withered brow ;
She shakes her wand of might, and weaves her spell,
And calls on powers of air and fiends of hell.

And there leaned he, in stern though calm dismay,
Whom deep remorse and woe had made their prey,—
Who, wrunged by men, and now cast off by God,
The fearful path of desperation trod,
And came to bid the dead unfold his doom,
And lift from future hours the veil of gloom.

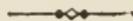
She saw,— the witch moved back in pale affright,
And her bleared eyes shot forth a fiendish light :
He comes ! in mantle clad, austere and old,
Around his brow the grave's white napkin rolled ;
He comes, in ghastly stillness rising slow,
Through opening earth, from Hades' mists below !
For ah ! not yet the soul hath winged away,
Wrapped in deep rest, till dawns the judgment-day.

Could Saul confront that Prophet's risen shade,
With eye unblenching, spirit undismayed ?
He never quailed in fight, but now he grew
Palsied with fear, his cheek of livid hue ;
The grave's cold atmosphere seemed round him east,
That silence thrilled beyond the trumpet-blast ;
Instinctive dread ran creeping to his heart,—
His hair stood up, his eyeballs seemed to start :
Yet still he gazed, retreating,— wildly stirred
His heaving breast, although he spoke no word ;
Each pale limb shook,— he bowed,— to earth he clung,
And on his brow big drops of terror hung.

Then Samuel spoke : his words sepulchral came,
And pierc'd like fire the wretched monarch's frame ;

And Saul can answer now — alas ! his fate
 Is hopeless all, and more than desolate.
 The battle lost, — his kingdom torn away, —
 All clouds and darkness life's fast-closing day.
 Hark ! 't is the Shade declares : "Another sun,
 Thou man of woe and crime ! thy race is run ;
 To-morrow Hades opes its gloom for thee,
 Thou and thy warrior sons shall be with me !"
 And so it fell ; the fierce unpitying foe
 Triumphed o'er Saul, and laid his followers low ;
 And yonder rise those hills in lonely pride,
 Where on his sword the king in anguish died,
 And gentle Jonathan's career was o'er,
 To shield his friend, and warm with love no more.

Nicholas Michell.



Esdraelon, Plain of.

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

ESDRAELON'S plain still boasts its myrtle bowers,
 Golden with corn, or carpeted with flowers :
 How like a sainted mind that seeks the skies,
 Crowned with a glory, Tabor's tops arise !
 From base to summit groves are waving green,
 While many a hoary ruin peeps between.
 Here mouldered church and fallen convent show
 How warm was zeal a thousand years ago ;
 In yon stone cell the hermit knelt to pray,

And passed in dreams his martyr life away.
Jasmine's white bells and henna's yellow bloom
Breathe out their sweets till rocks e'en drink perfume;
In viewless clouds those odors mount the air,
And Tabor stands like some rich altar there.

Nicholas Michell.

Galilee.

GALILEE.

BUT now in beauty and in light we see
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee.
Though man may walk no more, as in old time,
With step of freedom, and with brow sublime;
Though on the Jew the Moslem pours disdain,
And thinks him less than reptile of the plain;
Though Rapine, mocking law, may prowl the land,
And Murder daily rear her blood-stained hand,—
Still Nature smiles, and Galilee appears
Fair as a bride, although a bride in tears.
In Jezreel's vale the corn is waving deep,
Fir, larch, and myrtle grace high Tabor's steep;
In warm Sepphoris' beds the tulip's streak
Rivals red Morn when soft her blushes break;
Ten thousand pansies breathe their odorous breath,
And orchards bloom round holy Nazareth;
While birds with song, as cooler eve comes on,
Fill the green groves of bowery Zebulon.

Nicholas Michell.

PEACE! IT IS I.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night;
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Mariners trembled,
 Peril was nigh;
 Then said the God of God:
 “Peace! it is I!”

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of the stormy wind,
 Be thou at rest!
 Peril can none be,
 Sorrow must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light:
 “Peace! it is I!”

Jesu, Deliverer!
 Come thou to me!
 Soothe thou my voyaging
 Over life’s sea!
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
 “Peace! it is I!”

Anatolius, Patriarch of Constantinople. Tr. J. M. Neale.

Galilee (Tabaria), the Sea of.

SEA OF GALILEE.

SLOW moves our skiff o'er still Tabaria's tide,
 Through whose clear azure fish are seen to glide;
 Abrupt and steep the girdling mountains frown,
 Gigantic shadows stealing darkly down.
 No murmuring crowds move busy on the shore,
 No shepherd sings, or fisher plies his oar;
 No voice in heaven, no whisper from the cave,
 Man seems unborn, and Nature here a grave.
 A quiet sadness fills the musing mind,
 We fain would speak, but language may not find.
 Yet, not like Sodom's waters, here we trace
 A holy beauty and a solemn grace;
 Though man may now desert yon silent strand,
 Fancy will call up forms on wave and land;
 A thousand memories treasured still shall be,
 And linked throughout all time, fair lake, with thee.
 Here lowly Peter's youthful days were past,
 In yon green cove, perchance, his net was cast;
 Here, mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,
 In her last throes Judæa fought with Rome;
 On yon fair Mount that blessed discourse was given
 By One who spoke as angels speak in heaven.
 Lo! on the lake, day's farewell smiles expire,
 And night's deep shadows wrap each rocky spire;
 Struggling with winds, and tossed on surges dark,

The Apostles urge in vain their laboring bark ;
No friendly moon, — not e'en a star on high
Casts on their course its mild celestial eye.
See ! near their ship that calm and awful form,
Who walks the waves, unheeding night and storm ;
Far o'er the lake they see strange lustre gleam,
And round his head a lambent glory beam ;
Shrinking in fear, with eyes that wildly stare,
They deem that form a spectre gliding there ;
But, soft as music to the saint who dies,
Floats o'er Time's gulf from opening Paradise,
His voice now sounds along the troubled wave,
And calms their fears, — the blessed One comes to save !

He who shall search for cities famed of yore,
Few wrecks will find on lone Tabaria's shore :
Where stood tower-crowned Chorazin, men forget ;
A palm-tree marks thy sight, Gennesaret.
Tiberias, Herod's pride, still flaunteth fair,
But not the cross, the crescent triumphs there ;
With zeal for Islam's creed men's bosoms burn,
And brows to Mecca, not to Salem, turn.
No more Bethsaida gleams across the flood ;
An ancient watch-tower tells where Magdal stood
Clothed with green moss, — Time's sad but fragrant
pall, —
Many a dark bath extends its mouldering wall ;
They sink to dust, yet Health still spreads his wings
O'er the warm fountain's life-reviving springs.

Nicholas Michell.

Geraza.

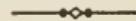
GERAZA.

AND this was proud Geraza, where the Jew,
Once lord of Gilead, only slavery knew ;
Where Roman victors passed a life of ease,
Mid all that mind could charm, or sense could please :
They melted from the scene, — the Moslems came,
Pillaged the palace, wrapped the shrines in flame,
And searched the dead, and broke the coffin-lid,
Lured by the wealth which Jew or Christian hid.
They in their turn departed ; long, long years
Have done their worst, — Geraza still appears,
Queen-like and sad, on ruin gazing down,
No foe but Time, no subjects and no crown,
Her only guest Oblivion's shade, who keeps
Watch o'er the scene, while Rome's pale genius weeps.

Behold this Arch of Triumph ! — reared to whom ?
No line declares, — 't is lonely as a tomb ;
Yet here the monarch passed, or man of war,
While shouts rang round, and laurels decked his ear ;
We walk beneath, — Geraza rises near,
Not harsh the scene, not gloomy or severe,
But grandly beautiful, and softly mild, —
Another Tadmor mourns upon the wild.
The broken statue, column worn and rent,
The tottering tower, the grass-grown monument,

Are mixed with fairer objects, — classic shrines,
Round which the row of rich-carved pillars shines,
And lengthened colonnades, like vistas seen
Narrowing to shadowy points in forests green.
Here spreads the huge Naumachia, where of old
Ships struck, in mimic fight, their beaks of gold ;
That marble lake is dry, and flowerets fair,
And many a fragrant shrub, are blooming there.
The circus still displays its ample bound,
Where glittering chariots ran their dizzy round :
The theatres, all open to the sky,
In size and grace with those of Hellas vie ;
The broad deep orchestra, the circling seat,
The vaulted gallery, now the bat's retreat,
Crushed arch, stage clothed with brambles, — such the
scene,
The once fair haunt of Pleasure's bright-eyed queen.

Nicholas Michell.



Gethsemane.

GETHSEMANE.

THERE is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, — touched thy prostrate
brow :
One Angel knows it. O, might prayer avail
To win that knowledge ; sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offered where Christ in agony was laid.

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood
That from his aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had framed within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams ;
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
From thy dear name, where in his page of woe
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky ?
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen him die.

John Keble.

SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

THE moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
Set with the morning-star, was not yet dim ;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'T was the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seemed dissolved
In visible stillness ; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of his disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppressed
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindnesses
Of his deep love were poured, he felt the need

Of near communion, for his gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hushed silentness,
Alone with God, he fell upon his face,
And as his heart was broken with the rush
Of his surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave his sorrows way,—and in the deep
Prostration of his soul, breathed out the prayer,
“Father, if it be possible with thee,
Let this cup pass from me.” O, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Stillleth the press of human agony!
The Saviour felt its quiet in his soul;
And though his strength was weakness, and the light
Which led him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission. “Not my will,
But thine be done, O Father!” As he spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Enalmed within his eye, bowed down to him,
And nerved him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough,—and with his godlike brow

Rewritten of his Father's messenger,
With meekness, whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, he returned again
To his disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For he that should betray him was at hand.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Gibeah, the Mount.

RIZPAH WITH HER SONS.

THE DAY BEFORE THEY WERE HANGED ON GIBEAH.

“BREAD for my mother!” said the voice of one
Darkening the door of Rizpah. She looked up,
And lo! the princely countenance and mien
Of dark-browed Armoni. The eye of Saul,
The very voice and presence of the king,—
Limb, port, and majesty,—were present there,
Moaked like an apparition in her son.
Yet, as he stooped his forehead to her hand
With a kind smile, a something of his mother
Unbent the haughty arching of his lip,
And through the darkness of the widow's heart
Trembled a nerve of tenderness that shook
Her thought of pride all suddenly to tears.

“Whence comest thou?” said Rizpah.

“From the house
Of David. In his gate there stood a soldier,

This in his hand. I plucked it, and I said,
'A king's son takes it for his hungry mother !'
God stay the famine !"

As he spoke, a step,
Light as an antelope's, the threshold pressed,
And like a beam of light into the room
Entered Mephibosheth. What bird of heaven
Or creature of the wild, what flower of earth,
Was like this fairest of the sons of Saul !
The violet's cup was harsh to his blue eye.
Less agile was the fiercee barb's fiery step.
His voee drew hearts to him. His smile was like
The incarnation of some blessed dream,
Its joyousness so sunned the gazer's eye !
Fair were his loeks. His snowy teeth divided
A bow of love, drawn with a scarlet thread.
His cheek was like the moist heart of the rose ;
And, but for nostrils of that breathing fire
That turns the lion baek, and limbs as lithe
As is the velvet musele of the pard,
Mephibosheth had been too fair for man.

As if he were a vision that would fade,
Rizpah gazed on him. Never, to her eye,
Grew his bright form familiar ; but, like stars,
That seemed each night new lit in a new heaven,
He was each morn's sweet gift to her. She loved
Her firstborn, as a mother loves her child,
Tenderly, fondly. But for him, — the last, —
What had she done for Heaven to be his mother !

Her heart rose in her throat to hear his voice;
She looked at him forever through her tears;
Her utterance, when she spoke to him, sank down,
As if the lightest thought of him had lain
In an unfathomed cavern of her soul.

The morning light was part of him, to her
What broke the day for but to show his beauty?
The hours but measured time till he should come;
Too tardy sang the bird when he was gone;
She would have shut the flowers, and called the star
Back to the mountain-top, and bade the sun
Pause at eve's golden door, to wait for him!
Was this a heart gone wild, or is the love
Of mothers like a madness? Such as this
Is many a poor one in her humble home,
Who silently and sweetly sits alone,
Pouring her life all out upon her child.

What cares she that he does not feel how close
Her heart beats after his,— that all unseen
Are the fond thoughts that follow him by day,
And watch his sleep like angels? And, when moved
By some sore needed Providence, he stops
In his wild path and lifts a thought to heaven,
What cares the mother that he does not see
The link between the blessing and her prayer!

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

RIZPAH.

“And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley-harvest.”

“And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”—*2 Samuel xxi. 9, 10.*

HEAR what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibeah’s rocks she watched the dead.
The sons of Michal before her lay,
And her own fair children, dearer than they:
By a death of shame they all had died,
And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side.
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
All wasted with watching and famine now,
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,
Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air;
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

“I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain

Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain.
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away ;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.
And, when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled :
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

“ Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones ;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned,—but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt ;
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
And fell with the flower of his people slain,
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

“ But I hoped that the cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me ;
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,
They should wean my thoughts from the woes of the
past.
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,

As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

“O, what an hour for a mother’s heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart !
When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed,
And struggled and shrieked to Heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died,— and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

“The barley-harvest was nodding white,
When my children died on the rocky height,
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings ;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain :
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert and fowls of air.”

William Cullen Bryant.

Gilboa.

LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THY beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead;
How are the valiant fallen ! the slain
Thy mountains stain.
O, let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon.

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight !
Lest in the torrent of our woe
Their pleasure flow ;
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.

Yon hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay ;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers :
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won ;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.

Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely ! O, how pleasant ! when
They lived with men !
Than eagles swifter, stronger far
Than lions are ;
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul ;
Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crowned with peace ;
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devoured !
O Jonathan ! the better part
Of my torn heart !
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood :
My brother ! O, how kind ! how good !

Thy love was great ; O, never more
To man man bore !
No woman when most passionate
Loved at that rate !
How are the mighty fallen in fight !
They and their glory, set in night !

George Sandys.

SAUL.

SAID Abner, "At last thou art come !
Ere I tell, ere thou speak, —
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it,
And did kiss his cheek :
And he, "Since the king, O my friend,
For thy countenance sent,
Nor drunken nor eatn have we ; •
Nor, until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance
The king liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be brightened,
The water be wet.

"For out of the black mid-tent's silence,
A space of three days,
No sound hath escaped to thy servants,
Of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit
Have ended their strife,
And that faint in his triumph the monarch
Sinks back upon life.

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved !
God's child, with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies
Still living and blue
As thou break'st them to twine round thy harp-strings,
As if no wild heat

Were raging to torture the desert!"

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers,
And rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder.
The tent was unlooped ;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed,
And under I stooped ;
Hands and knees o'er the slippery grass-patch —
All withered and gone, —
That leads to the second enclosure,
I groped my way on,
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open ;
Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered,
And was not afraid ;
And spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!"
And no voice replied ;
And first I saw naught but the blackness, —
But soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness ;
The vast, the upright
Main-prop which sustains the pavilion, —
And slow into sight
Grew a figure, gigantic, against it,
And blackest of all ; —
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof,
Showed Saul.
He stood as creet as that tent-prop ;
Both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre

That goes to each side :
So he bent not a muscle, but hung there
As, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent
All heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine,
Till deliverance come
With the spring-time, — so agonized Saul,
Drear and stark, blind and dumb.

Then I tuned my harp, — took off the lilies
We twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide, —
Those sunbeams like swords !
And I first played the tune all our sheep know,
As, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door
Till folding be done ;
They are white and untorn by the bushes,
For lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water
Within the stream's bed ;
How one after one seeks its lodging,
As star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us, —
So blue and so far !

Then the tune for which quails on the cornland
Will leave each his mate
To follow the player ; then, what makes
The crickets elate

Till for boldness they fight one another ;
And then, what has weight
To set the quiek jerboa a-musing
Outside his sand house, —
There are none such as he for a wonder, —
Half bird and half mouse ! —
God made all creatures, and gave them
Our love and our fear,
To show we and they are his children,
One family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers,
Their wine-song, when hand
Grasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand,
And grow one in the sense of this world's life ;
And then, the low song
When the dead man is praised on his journey, —
“ Bear, bear him along
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets ;
Are balm-seeds not here
To console us ? The land is left none such
As he on the bier —
O, would we might keep thee, my brother ! ”
And then the glad chant
Of the marriage, — first go the young maidens,
Next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling :
And then, the great march
When man runs to man to assist him,
And buttress an arch

Naught can break . . . who shall harm them, our friends ?

Then, the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar
In glory enthroned, —
But I stopped here, — for here, in the darkness,
Saul groaned.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence !

And listened apart ;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered, —
And sparkles 'gan dart

From the jewels that woke in his turban, —
At once with a start

All its lordly male sapphires, and rubies
Courageous at heart ;

So the head, — but the body still moved not,
Still hung there erect.

And I bent once again to my playing,
Pursued it uncheeked,

As I sang, "O, our manhood's prime vigor !
No spirit feels waste,

No muscle is stopped in its playing,
No sinew unbraced ; —

And the wild joys of living ! The leaping
From rock up to rock, —

The rending their boughs from the palm-trees, —
The cool silver shock

Of a plunge in the pool's living water, —
The haunt of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion
Is couched in his lair :

And the meal, — the rich dates, — yellowed over
With gold-dust divine,
And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher,
The full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river channel
Where tall rushes tell
The water was wont to go warbling
So softly and well, —
How good is man's life here, mere living !
How fit to employ
The heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in joy !
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father
Whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth to the wolf-hunt
For glorious reward ?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother
Held up, as men sung
The song of the nearly departed,
And heard her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness
“ Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through that lifetime,
And all was for best.”
Then they sung through their tears, in strong triumph,
Not much, — but the rest !
And thy brothers, the help and the contest,
The working whence grew
Such result, as from seething grape-bundles
The spirit so true :
And the friends of thy boyhood — that boyhood

With wonder and hope,
Present promise, and wealth in the future,—
The eye's eagle scope,—
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch,
A people is thine !
O, all gifts the world offers singly,
On one head combine,
On one head the joy and the pride,
Even rage like the throe
That opes the rock, helps its glad labor,
And lets the gold go,—
And ambition that sees a sun lead it,—
O, all of these,— all
Combine to unite in one creature —
Saul !

Robert Browning.

GILBOA.

THIS dawn how splendid ! The universal sun
Arises not wrapt in a bloody shroud ;
He seems to promise a propitious day.
O my past years ! where now are ye all fled ?
Saul never from his martial bed, till now,
Rose in the camp, without the certain trust
That, ere at eve his pillow he resumed,
He should be victor.

* * *

O Abner, with what different eyes do youth
And hoary age contemplate the events
Of human life. When with a well-knit arm

I grasped this ponderous and gnarled spear,
Which now I scarcely sway, I ill conceived
The possibility of self-mistrust,
But I have now not only lost my youth,—
Ah ! were the invincible right-hand of God
E'en yet with me ! or were with me at least
David, my champion !

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And what ? Wouldst thou
Conceal from me the horror of my state ?
Ah ! were I not a father, as I am,
Alas ! too certainly, of much-loved children,
Would I have now life, victory, or the throne ?
I should already, and a long time since,
Headlong have cast myself mid hostile swords :
I should already, thus at least, at once
Have closed the horrible life that I drag on.
How many years have now past, since a smile
Was seen to play upon my lips ? My children,
Whom still I love so much, if they caress me,
For the most part inflame my heart to rage.
Impatient, fierce, incensed, and turbulent,
I am a burthen to myself and others ;
In peace I wish for war, in war for peace ;
Poison concealed I drink in every cup,
In every friend I see an enemy ;
The softest carpets of Assyria seem
Planted with thorns to my unsolaceed limbs ;
My transient sleep is agonized with fear ;
Each dream with imaged terrors that distract me.
Why should I add to this dark catalogue ?

Who would believe it? The sonorous trumpet
Speaks to my ears in an appalling voice;
And fills the heart of Saul with deep dismay.
Thou seest clearly that Saul's tottering house
Is desolate, bereft of all its splendor;
Thou seest that God hath cast me off forever.

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That selfsame voice,

Imperative and visionary voice,
Which as a youth my nightly slumbers broke,
When I in privacy securely lived
Far from the throne, and all aspiring thoughts
For sundry nights hath that same voicee been heard
In menacing, denunciatory tones;
Like the deep murmur of the stormy waves,
Thundering repulsively, to me it cried, —
“Depart, depart, O Saul.” The sacred aspect,
The venerable aspect of the prophet,
Which I had seen in dreams before he had
Made manifest that God had chosen me
For Israel's king, that Samuel, in a dream,
Now with far different aspect I behold,
I, from a hollow, deep, and horrible vale,
Behold him sitting on a radiant mount:
David is humbly prostrate at his feet:
The holy prophet on his forehead pours
The consecrated oil: with the other hand
Stretched to my head, a hundred cubits length,
He snatches from my brow the royal crown,
And would replace it on the brow of David:
But wouldest thou think it? David prostrate falls,

With piteous gesture, at the prophet's feet,
Refusing to receive it; and he weeps,
And cries, and intercedes so fervently,
That he resists it on my head at last.

Vittorio Alfieri. Tr. C. Lloyd.



Gilead, the Mount.

MOUNT GILEAD.

ON Gilead's hills a voice of wail is heard,
'Tis not the sighing wind or plaining bird;
Where yon cool fountain flows, beneath the shade
Of arching willows sits the Hebrew maid:
Young girls around her raise those cries of woe,
But from sweet Miriam's lips no murmurs flow:
Calm on that breast, which soon beneath the knife
Must yield to heaven its gentle springs of life,
Droops her fair head, her rich locks, once her pride,
In unbound masses floating by her side.
Like soft dark clouds which screen too brilliant skies
The silken fringe half veils those large black eyes,
And as in that deep hush scarce comes her breath,
She seems absorbed in thought, and dreams of death.

Although weak shrinkings shake not Miriam's soul,
Regret's sad pangs she may not all control;
She feels how lovely Nature smiles around,

Joy in each beam, and music in each sound ;
But soon for her the sun will quench its ray,
And all that's bright and glorious fade away ;
No more for her will gush the bird's glad song,
The lithe gazelle in beauty bound along !
No more, O, nevermore, the much-loved voice
Of sire or friend will bid her soul rejoice :
That young warm heart, now fond Affection's seat,
In soft response to love must cease to beat ;
In Gilead's vales no bride shall Miriam smile,
No mother's joys shall e'er her heart beguile,
Her nuptial wreath must be Death's plant of gloom,
Hymen's sweet bower the cold undreaming tomb.
Did fiends or angels prompt that fatal vow ?
O, Heaven, look down ! support and pity now !
Were ever woes so dark and crushing piled
On one fair head ? — alas for Jephthah's child !

And there that maiden sat, but made no moan ;
Still drooped her beauteous brow, as turned to stone ;
The willow branches o'er her sighing spread,
Its crystal tears the bubbling fountain shed :
The fair attendants mourned to hill and dale,
And pitying Echo caught the plaintive wail,
Ages have passed, poor ill-starred Hebrew maid !
Thy heart is hushed, in long, long quiet laid,
Yet pilgrims drawing near this lonely spot,
Will ever think of thee, and mourn thy lot.

Nicholas Michell.

Hebron.

HEBRON.

THERE stands a tree at Hebron,—huge its form,
Oft scared by lightning, worn by many a storm:
Ages that level thrones beneath their stroke,
And sweep off races, spare that spreading oak.
Pilgrims, when Rome was Pagan, came to see,
And muse beneath this famed and hallowed tree.
Here oft did Abraham sit, when evening still
Cooled the green vale, and crimsoned Hebron's hill;
The musky breezes round his forehead played,
He blessed bright Nature's God, and blessed that shade.
Here stood those guests sent earthward from the skies,
Mortal their forms, but heaven within their eyes;
And yonder glooms Machpelah's ancient cave,
The bartering sons of Heth to Abraham gave.
Now giant stones protect that spot so blest,
Where the great sire and Hebrew mother rest;
Nor yet perchance the rock betrays its trust,
Though forty ages brood above their dust.
But sealed to Christians is that cell of gloom,
The Turk's proud crescent glittering o'er the tomb;
For Moslems guard the spot with jealous care,
And burn their lamps, and read their Koran there,
And pray to Allah in that worshipped place,
E'en while they scorn and hate the Patriarch's race.

Nicholas Michell.

Jehoshaphat (Kedron), the Valley.

KEDRON.

WE enter Kedron's vale, — the stony height
Once crowned with olive-forests, bounds our right :
Age after age men yielded up their breath,
Till millions slumbered in this glen of death ;
And here with those he loves, in peace to lie,
Is still the hapless Hebrew's latest sigh.
Ah ! where so sadly sweet may scene be found !
Though flowers no longer deck the shrunken mound,
And plane and yew have ceased their shade to east, —
They, voiceless mourners, dead themselves at last, —
Here, deep below sad Salem's eastern walls,
The garish sunbeam mildly tempered falls ;
Perched on the tombs, soft plains the hermit-bird,
And scarce the Pagan's Allah-cry is heard :
Through all, the Kedron pours its placid rill,
Sweet Nature's child mid death surviving still ;
Its low-breathed voice like whispers from the graves,
As their stone fronts its limpid wavelet laves.
The rocks of Olivet are piled above,
Whose shade steals down, as if in hallowing love.
In such a spot the soul, till Judgment-day,
Might wish to leave her frail and cumbering clay,
Revisiting, at moonlight's holy hour,
That vale of peace, where Death has built his bower.

Stately are Kedron's tombs; in yon gray pile
Frowns Egypt's strength, while Attic graces smile;
Cornice and base are hewn from living rock,
Its pointed summit braves Time's lengthened shock:
The murdered rests within,—those breezes bear
To Fancy's ear his last and anguished prayer.
Pause we awhile before this columned grot;
Meet for calm musing seems the quiet spot,
For here, tradition tells, the Apostles came,
To hear those words which touched their hearts with
flame.

Still further, near yon bridge, whose arch of stone
By modern hand across the stream is thrown,
A pile more massive, and of statelier height,
Like Petra's cliff-hewn temples, meets the sight.
Strange towers its form and well may wake surprise;
Its top, like flame, is pointing to the skies;
And yet no saint, a rebel slumbers here,
But ah! to one fond heart how passing dear!
The fair-haired Absalom, the gay of mien,
Who proud and graceful as a god was seen:
Hark to the royal father's heart-breathed sigh!
See his rent robe, and sorrow-streaming eye!
The crime of him no more he all forgave,
And only mourned in dust the lost, the brave!

Nicholas Michell.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

COME, Son of Israel, scorned in every land,
Outcast and wandering,—come with mournful step
Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat,
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded gold
To buy thyself a grave among the bones
Of patriarchs and of prophets and of kings.
It is a glorious place to take thy rest,
Poor child of Abraham, mid those awful scenes,
And sceptred monarchs, who, with Faith's keen eye
Piercing the midnight darkness that o'erhung
Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust
In the strong promise of the invisible.
Here are damp gales to lull thy dreamless sleep,
And murmuring recollections of that lyre
Whose passing sweetness bore King David's prayer
Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that strain
With which the weeping prophet dirge-like sung
Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon rifted rocks,
So faintly purpled by the westering sun,
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent towers,
Where, in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem
Sleeps like a palsied princess, from whose head
The diadem hath fallen. Still half concealed
In the deep bosom of that burial-vale
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn arch
Hurries with hoarse tale mid the echoing tombs.

Thou too art near, rude-featured Olivet,
So honored of my Saviour.

Tell me where
His blessed knees thy flinty bosom prest,
When all night long his wrestling prayer went up,
That I may pour my tear-wet orison
Upon that sacred spot. Thou Lamb of God !
Who for our sakes wert wounded unto death,
Bid blinded Zion turn from Sinai's fires
Her tortured foot, and from the thundering law
Her terror-stricken ear rejoicing raise
Unto the Gospel's music. Bring again
Thy scattered people who so long have borne
A fearful punishment, so long wrung out
The bitter dregs of pale astonishment
Into the wine-cup of the wondering earth.
And O, to us, who from our being's dawn
Lisp out Salvation's lessons, yet do stray
Like erring sheep, to us thy Spirit give
That we may keep thy law and find thy fold,
Ere in the desolate city of the dead
We make our tenement, while Earth doth blot
Our history from the record of mankind.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.

IS this thy tomb, amid the mournful shades
Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
Thou son of David ? Kedron's gentle brook

Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell
 Thy varied history. Methinks I see
 Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling eye,
 The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,
 And that bright, eloquent lip, whose cunning stole
 The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste
 The untold treasures of integrity,
 The gold of conscience, for their light applause,
 Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou

When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet
 A sorrowing train went up? Dark frowning scers
 Denouneing judgment on a rebel prince,
 Past sadly on; and next a crownless king
 Walking in sad and humbled majesty,
 While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow
 Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.
 What caused the weeping there?

Thou heardst it not,

For thou within the city's walls didst hold
 Thy revel brief and base. So thou couldst set
 The embattled host against thy father's life,
 The king of Israel, and the loved of God!
 He mid the evils of his changeful lot,
 Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,
 His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,
 Found naught so bitter as the rankling thorn
 Set by thy madness of ingratitude
 Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts

When in the mesh of thy own tresses snared

Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked
Thy misery, forsook by all who shared
Thy meteor-greatness and constrained to learn
There in that solitude of agony,
A traitor hath no friends! — what were thy thoughts
When death careering on the triple dart
Of vengeful Joab found thee? To thy God
Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer
For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse
Unbounded guilt? Or turned thy stricken heart
Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched
With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth
In blindfold fondness pardoned? All thy crimes
Were cancelled in that plenitude of love
Which laves with fresh and everlasting tide
A parent's heart.

I see that form which awed
The foes of Israel with its victor-might
Bowed low in grief, and hear upon the breeze
That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem,
The wild continuous wail, — “O Absalom!
My son! My son!”

We turn us from thy tomb,
Usurping prince! Thy beauty and thy grace
Have perished with thee, but thy fame survives, —
The ingrate son that pierced a father's heart.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Jericho.

JERICHO.

WHERE are thy walls, proud Jericho? — the blast
Of Israel's horn to earth thy towers might cast,
But Time more surely lays thy bulwarks low;
Yonder the Jordan sweeps with tireless flow,
And Pisgah rears his earth-o'ergazing brow,
Defying storm and thunder, — where art thou?
Thy towers have left no stone; not e'en a palm
Waves on thy site amidst the burning calm:
A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,
Like those which rise on Troy's deserted plain.
Gone is that costly plant, a queen's fair hand
To Salem brought from Sheba's spicy land,
The weeping balsam, whose neetareous dew,
More prized than silver, well the trader knew:
Yet still one flower above its flinty bed,
Renowned by minstrels, lifts its lowly head;
White rose of Jericho! so small yet sweet,
That oft the way-worn traveller stoops to greet,
What dost thou in this desert? vain thy bloom
As the lamp's light that gilds the cheerless tomb;
Vain opes thy bosom to the thankless air,
No painted insect flies to nestle there;
Thy seents embalm the ground, but useless shed
As gifts of good upon the ungrateful head.
Alas! fair rose, the barren plain we see,

How can it warm to life, have charms for thee?
 Yet here, exhaling sweets, thou dost remain,
 Like hope fond lingering in this world of pain,
 Whose bright and holy smile will ne'er depart,
 Though every joy beside may fly the heart.

Nicholas Michell.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
 Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
 He hears the crowd ; he hears a breath
 Say, “ It is Christ of Nazareth ! ”
 And calls, in tones of agony,
 ’Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;
 Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !
 But still, above the noisy crowd,
 The beggar’s cry is shrill and loud ;
 Until they say, “ He calleth thee ! ”
 Θάρσει, ἔγειραί, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
 The crowd, “ What wilt thou at my hands ? ”
 And he replies, “ O, give me light !
 Rabbi, restore the blind man’s sight.
 And Jesus answers, “ Υπαγε !
 ‘Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes yet cannot see,
 In darkness and in misery,

Recall those mighty Voices Three,

Ίησοῦν, ἐλέησόν με!

Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὑπαγε!

Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A TRAVELLER fell among the thieves;

He was crushed like autumn leaves :

He was beaten like the sheaves

Upon the threshing-floor.

There, upon the public way,

In the shadowless heat of day,

Bleeding, stripped and bound he lay,

And seemed to breathe no more.

Void of hope was he, when lo!

On his way to Jerieho,

Came a priest, serene and slow,

His journey just begun.

Many a silver bell and gem

Glittered on his harness hem ;

Behind him gleamed Jerusalem,

In the unclouded sun.

Broad were his phylacteries

And his calm and holy eyes

Looked above earth's vanities,
And gazed upon the sky.

He the suffering one deseried,
But, with saintly looks of pride,
Passed by on the other side,
And left him there to die.

Then approaehed with reverend pace,
One of the elected race,
The chosen ministers of grace,
Who bore the ark of God.

He a Levite and a high
Exemplar of humanity,
Likewise passed the sufferer by,
Even as the dust he trod.

Then came a Samaritan,
A despised, rejected man,
Outlawed by the Jewish ban
As one in bonds to sin.

He beheld the poor man's need,
Bound his wounds, and with all speed
Set him on his own good steed,
And brought him to the inn.

When our Judge shall reappear
Thinkest thou this man will hear,
“Wherefore didst thou interfere
With what concerned not thee?”

No ! the words of Christ will run,
“ Whatsoever thou hast done
To this poor and suffering one,
That hast thou done to me ! ”

Anonymous.



Jerusalem.

THE CRUSADERS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donned her robes of pure vermillion hue ;
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
In Eden’s flowery gardens gathered new ;
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread :
Arm, arm, they cried ; arm, arm, the trumpets blew ;
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast ;
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein ;
And yet more easy, haply, were thefeat
To stop the current near Charybdis’ main,
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
Than fiercee desires of warlike hearts restrain ;
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,

For willing minds make heaviest burdens light ;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to desery ;
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknow,
Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky ;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes disspread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt ;
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt :
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt ;

Or as the wind in hoult and shady greaves
A murmur makes, among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarf's, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside;
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,
And then such secret speech as this, they uscd,
While to himself each one himself accused:

Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
That flowed here, to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man, behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distilled is;
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good,
For never wretch with sin so overgone,
Had siffer time or greater cause to moan.

This while the wary watchman looked over,
From tops of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,
As when thick mists arise from moory vales:
At last the sun-bright shields he 'gan discover,
And glistering helms, for violence none that fails;
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,
And man and horse amid the dust descries.

Then loud he cries, O, what a dust ariseth!
O, how it shines with shields and targets clear!

Up, up, to arms, for valiant heart despiseth
The threatened storm of death, and danger near;
Behold your foes: then further thus deviseth;
Haste, haste, for vain delay encreaseth fear;
These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly,
Your coming foes do hide, and hide the sky.

Torquato Tasso. Tr. E. Fairfax.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY
TITUS.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, O Sion, when rendered to Rome:
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy
fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I looked for thy Temple, I looked for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the deathfire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in
vain.

On many an eve the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy
shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away!

O, would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head !

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign ;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for thee.

Lord Byron.

STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

AS rays around the source of light
Stream upward ere he glow in sight,
And watching by his future flight
Set the clear heavens on fire ;
So on the King of Martyrs wait
Three chosen bands, in royal state,
And all earth owns, of good and great,
Is gathered in that choir.

One presses on, and welcomes death ;
One calmly yields his willing breath,
Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith
Content to die or live :
And some, the darlings of their Lord,
Play smiling with the flame and sword,
And, ere they speak, to his sure word
Unconscious witness give.

Foremost and nearest to his throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known

And likest him in look and tone,
 The holy Stephen kneels,
 With steadfast gaze, as when the sky
 Flew open to his fainting eye,
 Which like a fading lamp flashed high,
 Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright
 Was present to his raptured sight,
 Even as reflected streams of light
 Their solar sourcee betray,—
 The glory which our God surrounds,
 The Son of Man, the atoning wounds,—
 He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds
 Are melting fast away.

He sees them all,—no other view
 Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,
 Or with his love so deep imbrue
 Man's sullen heart and gross,—
 “Jesu, do thou my soul receive;
 Jesu, do thou my foes forgive”:
 He who would learn that prayer must live
 Under the holy cross.

He, though he seem on earth to move,
 Must glide in air like gentle dove,
 From yon unelouded depths above
 Must draw his purer breath;
 Till men behold his angel face
 All radiant with celestial grace,
 Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace
 The lines of Jesus' death.

JERUSALEM.

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves,
Godfrey's and Baldwin's, — Salem's Christian king;
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings, —
While through the panelled roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and dome,
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, thy kingdom
come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice called Mussulmans to prayer.
There were the splendors of Judæa's thrones,
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear,
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there;
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but
God."

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?
Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless,
Is over all; and in whatever dress

His suppliants crowd around him, He can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,
Owning him very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,
Proud Julian; when (against the prophecy
Of Him who lived and died and rose again,
“That one stone on another should not lie”) -
Thou wouldest rebuild that Jewish masonry
To mock the eternal Word. The earth below
Gushed out in fire; and from the brazen sky
And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow
As saw not Shinar’s plain nor Babel’s overthrow.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and wall
Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank
And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
At one huge draught the sediment, which sank
In Salem’s drained goblet. Mighty Power!
Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and
thank,
Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell moved from beneath, and thine own heaven
did lower?

Say, Pilate’s palaces, proud Herod’s towers,
Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?
Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with showers?
Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?

Tomb of thee, Mary — Virgin — did it shake ?
Glowed thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood ?
Where were the shudderings Calvary might make ?
Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood
To wash away the spot where once, a God had stood.

Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre
Of all profane and of all holy things,
Where Jew and Turk and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art, thy history brings
Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole earth
rings
With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with his holy wings
Thee and thy children. You his power defied ;
You scourged him while he lived, and mocked him as
he died !

There is a star in the untroubled sky,
That caught the first light which its Maker made, —
It led the hymn of other orbs on high ;
'T will shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.
Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid !
For it has kept its watch on Palestine !
Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crushed and ruined all which men have called
divine.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

JERUSALEM.

’T IS so ; the hoary harper sings aright ;
 How beautiful is Zion ! Like a queen,
 Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
 Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
 She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
 And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
 The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
 Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
 Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
 Waved their dark beauty round the tower of David.
 Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
 The embrasures of alabaster shine ;
 Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
 To Judah’s mart with orient merchandise.
 But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
 With golden fruits and gales of frankincense,
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
 Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
 Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
 And where the glory hovers, here I war.

James Abraham Hillhouse.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

TITUS, *on the Mount of Olives ; Evening.*

IT must be, —
 And yet it moves me, Romans ! It confounds
 The counsels of my firm philosophy,

That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud eity.
As on our olive-crownéd hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distills from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous
palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnaeles !
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

JAVAN, *at the Fountain of Siloe.*

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Poured o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I,—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
My country, in thy darker destiny
Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;
The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
Her tale of splendor now is told and done:
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

O fair and favored eity, where of old
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
Her gold is dim, and mute her musie's voiee;
The heathen o'er her perished pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-decked street,
Down whieh the maidens danced with tinkling feet;
How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-robed Levites and high-mitred Priests;
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;

Her feasts are holden mid the Gentile's scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn;
And where her Temple crowned the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?
When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin?
Aeeldama! accursed and guilty ground,
Gird all the city in thy dismal bound,
Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;
Let every ancient monument and tomb
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But nevermore shall yon lost city need
Those secret places for her future dead;
Of all her children, when this night is passed,
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
Of all her children none is left to her,
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?
Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?
Look down! look down, avenged Calvary,
Upon thy late yet dreaded expiation.
O, long-foretold, though slow-accomplished fate,
"Her house is left unto her desolate";
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
Fulfils at length the tardy doom of heaven;
The wrathful vial's drops at length are poured
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord!

Henry Hart Milman.

ODE TO JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !
If any love thee not, on them
May all thy judgments fall ;
For every hope that crowns our earth,
All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth,
To thee she owes them all !

Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe ;
The brand of Cain upon thy brow,
Each shore has felt thy tread :
No altar now is thine ; no priest ;
Upon thy hearth no paschal feast :
The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the nations fall,
The kind grave o'er them strews her pall ;
They die as mortals die :
But He who looked thee in the face
Stamped there that look no years erase,
His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet
Confess thy greatness, own our debt,
And trembling still revere
The royal family of man,
Supporting thus its blight and ban
With constaney austere.

Those sciences by us so prized
The sternness of thy strength despised,
 Deviees light and vain
Of men who laek the might to live
In that repose contemplative
 Which Asian souls maintain.

By thee the Book of Life was writ;
And, wander where it may, with it
 Thy soul abroad is sent:
Wherever towers a Christian church,
Palace of earth, Heaven's sacred porch,
 It is thy monument.

Thy minstrel songs, like sounds wind-borne
From harps on Babel boughs forlorn,
 O'er every elime have swept;
And Christian mothers yet grow pale
With echoes faint of Rachel's wail;
 Our maids with Ruth have wept.

Thou bind'st the present with the past,
The prime of ages with the last;
 The golden chain art thou,
On which alone all fates are hung
Of nations springing or upsprung,
 Earthward once more to bow.

Across the world's tumultuous gate
Thou fling'st thy shadow's giant weight;—
 The mightiest birth of Time;

For all her pangs she may not bear
 Until her feast she bids thee share
 And mount her throne sublime.

Far other gaze than that he pours
 On empires round thee sunk, and shores
 That once in victory shone,
 Far other gaze and paler frown
 The great Saturnian star bends down
 On cedared Lebanon.

He knows that thou, obscured and dim,
 Thus wrestling all night long with him,
 Shall victor rise at last;
 Destined thy brows tower-crowned to rear
 More high than his declining sphere
 When, downward on the blast,

God's mightiest angel leaps, and stands
 A shape o'ershadowing seas and lands,
 And swears by him who swore
 A faithful oath and kind to man
 Ere worlds were shaped or years began,
 That "Time shall be no more."

Aubrey de Vere.

JERUSALEM.

AWAKE! behold! within the mountain zone
 That, circling, girds her stern and desert throne,
 Immortal Salem sits, famed Zion's queen,
 Stretching her hands, and weeping o'er the scene.

Immortal? — yes, though ills have laid her low,
Patient in ruin, deathless in her woe! —
And do we gaze, our weary wanderings past,
On Sheba's envy, David's pride at last?
The city prophets blessed, and kings revered,
The saintly loved, the barbarous nations feared?
What lips have kissed these stones! what holy sighs
And burning prayers have mounted to those skies,
As zealous pilgrims, kneeling on the sod,
Have hailed the towers so favored once by God!
Methinks we see those travellers from the West,
With weary limb, and soiled and tattered vest,
Just as they gain the last hill's stony brow,
And glorious Salem bursts upon them now.
The aged man whom peril, naught could daunt,
With eager step still presses to the front,
Throws back his locks, and spreads his hands on high,
Light long-unknown rekindling in his eye,
And blesses Heaven 't is his that scene to view,
Ere his bones rest beneath the funeral yew.
The maiden, taught from earliest hour to deem
That city holy as a seraph's dream,
Half veils her face in awe, and, bending meek,
Vents in deep sobs all, all she may not speak.
E'en the small child, that ran beside his sire,
Hath caught from those around the hallowed fire,
Drops on his knees with calmed and solemn air,
And lisps from cherub mouth the simple prayer,
Raises his eyes, each orb a sapphire gem,
And folds his hands, and cries, — “Jerusalem!”

Where through the world shall traveller hope to tread
Soil blessed as this, though beauty long hath fled?
With every scene we see is linked a spell,
And every rock we climb a tale can tell.
The ground is holy,—sainted memories rise,—
Cities decay, but naught of spirit dies.

* * *

Salem! since David stormed her craggy height,
And dwelt where scoffed the vaunting Jebusite,
What stern, what varied fortunes has she known,
Now conquering nations, now herself o'erthrown!
To-day her Temple glitters wide and far,
Shining in glory like a new-born star;
Tyre gives her arts, and Ophir sends her gold,
And monarchs burn at all their eyes behold.
Chaldaea comes,—she darkens Salem's fame,
Her walls are stormed, her Temple sinks in flame,
And distant far, where Babel's waters sweep,
Her prophets pine, her captive children weep.
Woe's midnight past, again dawn freedom's hours,
And Salem smiles, the new-built Temple towers;
Once more the caravan from Yemen comes,
The altar burns, and busy commerce hums;
Once more his lion front stern Judah shows,
And heroes rise to brave their country's foes.

But lo! o'er western hills that gathering cloud,
Where muttering thunder peals more loud and loud,
And forked lightning glitters down the sky,—
'T is the dread flash of Rome's avenging eye!
The Titan stalks,—beneath his coming tread,

Towns bow in dust, and Syria quakes with dread ;
Where'er he moves, the oldest empires fall,
And Rome, wide-conquering Rome, seems lord of all.
Gihon's long hill presents a ridge of spears,
And filled with bucklers Kedron's vale appears ;
While north and south the bristling troops advance,
And bear war's engines on, and shake the lancee.
Girt on all sides, doomed Salem sees her grave ;
Her cup of woe is full, and naught can save.

O direst fruit of crime and hate and rage ;
O bloodiest leaf in History's warning page !
Was it too little Rome besieged her wall,
But Salem's sons by Salem's sons must fall ?
See ! Hebrew chiefs above yon mangled heap,
Their kindred slain, exult when all should weep ;
In civil strife true valor ceased to glow,
'Twas who should crush his fellow, not the foe.

* * *

O Titus ! Titus ! " darling of mankind,"
That saw his virtues, to his errors blind,
Extolled his feeling heart, his justice praised,
And to his honor busts and arches raised ;
But Salem's name in blood must written be,
The leprous spot that blasts his memory !
What though he rears his countless captives high,
To crosses nailed, that friends may see them die,
The Hebrews shed no tears, for woe has worn
Their senses dull, and more may scarce be borne :
Pangs, like old wounds, oft lull though will not heal,
Excess of feeling makes us cease to feel.

Some fight despairing, some in caverns hide,
These mope in madness, and their God deride ;
While others full of zeal, in frenzy strong,
Still call on Heaven to avenge their country's wrong,
And half expect, down stooping from above,
Messiah's form will come in power and love,
And with one wave of glory's dazzling sword,
Scare from their holy walls the Pagan horde.

'T is o'er, — a deadlier struggle earth ne'er knew,
E'en fiends might shrink those scenes of blood to view ;
'Tis o'er, — a million hearts lie cold and still,
And Rome's dread eagle soars on Zion's hill.
Salem, the home of prophets, helpless lies,
The mean one's jest, the raging heathen's prize.
Fire wraps her towers, her blazing Temple falls,
With all its golden spires and cedarèd halls.
Yes, that proud fane, as by an earthquake's shock,
Is hurled to dust, and levelled with the rock ;
And o'er its site must pass the Latian plough —
Seraphs ! look down from heaven, and pity now !
And if in your blessed eyes grief e'er appears,
For lost and ruined Salem shed your tears !

Nicholas Michell.

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.

TWAS daybreak, and the singers of the dawn
Drew the night's curtain, and touched silently
The eyelids of the king. And David woke,

And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates, now,
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
Glided along the tessellated floors
With a pervading murmur, and the fount
Whose music had been all the night unheard,
Played as if light had made it audible;
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.

The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn
Sweetened the air to ecstasy ! and now
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
And, shut in from the world, but not from heaven,
Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip ;
For, with idolatry confessed alone
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words —
Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only —
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy,
An infant cherub, leaping as if used
To hover with that motion upon wings,
And marvellously beautiful ! His brow
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,
And kingly was his infantine regard.

*

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It was the morning of the seventh day.
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes
Had woken before the morn ; and they who drew
The curtains to let in the welcome light

Moved in their chambers with unslipped feet,
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!
The servants who kept watch without the door
Sat motionless; the purple easement-shades
From the low windows had been rolled away,
To give the child air; and the flickering light
That, all the night, within the spacious court,
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot only,
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hushed

With more than stillness was the room where lay
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred,—
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan
That from his lips all night broke fitfully
Had sileneed with the daybreak; and a smile—
Or something that would fain have been a smile—
Played in his parted mouth; and though his lids
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,
His senses seemed all peaeefully asleep,
And Bathsheba in silenee blessed the morn,
That brought baek hope to her! But when the king
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir,
But morning there, so weleomeless and still,
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights
Had wasted, and the mornings come; and days
Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the king,
Since the child sickened; and without the door,

Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain,
Listening only to the moans that brought
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
In loving utterance all broke with tears,
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there,
And filled his prayer with agony. O God !
To thy bright mercy-seat the way is far !
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on !
And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,
Kneels at thy throne, how cold, how distantly
The comforting of friends falls on the ear, —
The anguish they would speak to, gone to thee !

But suddenly the watchers at the door
Rose up, and they who ministered within
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly
Where the king lay. And still, while Bathsheba
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,
And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
Whispered together.

And the king arose
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,
“Is the child dead?” They answered, “He is dead !”
But when they looked to see him fall again
Upon his face, and rend himself and weep, —
For, while the child was sick, his agony
Would bear no comforters, and they had thought
His heartstrings with the tidings must give way, —

Behold ! his face grew calm, and, with his robe
Gathered together like his kingly wont,
He silently went in. *

And David came,
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,
And they set bread before him, and he ate,—
And when they marvelled, he said, “Wherefore mourn ?
The child is dead, and I shall go to him,—
But he will not return to me.”

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

HE sat upon the ass's foal and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,
And on before him went a multitude
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands
Strewing their garments thickly in his way.
The unbroken foal beneath him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam ; and as the song
Of “Welcome to the Son of David” burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly trode onward with its slender feet.

The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone
As he rode up Mount Olivet. The woods

Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west,
And the light foal, with quiek and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind
Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As he reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye,— there stood Jerusalem !
Eagerly he bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont slightness of his perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fulness of his heart.
There stood Jerusalem ! How fair she looked,—
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream
Lacing the meadows with its silver band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood,—
Jerusalem,— the city of his love,
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem —
That knew him not, and had rejeeted him;
Jerusalem, for whom he came to die !
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled
With odor from the trampled olive-leaves,
But Jesus wept. The loved disciple saw
His Master's tears, and closer to his side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Saviour leant with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned: “ How oft, Jerusalem ! would I

Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings,— but ye would not ! ”

He thought not of the death that he should die—
He thought not of the thorns he knew must pierce
His forehead, of the buffet on the cheek,
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn !
Gethsemane stood out beneath his eye
Clear in the morning sun, and there, he knew,
While they who “could not watch with him one hour”
Were sleeping, he should sweat great drops of blood,
Praying the eup might pass. And Golgotha
Stood bare and desert by the city wall,
And in its midst, to his prophetic eye,
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
Were numbered all,— the nails were in his feet,
The insulting sponge was pressing on his lips,
The blood and water gushing from his side,
The dizzy faintness swimming in his brain,
And, while his own disciples fled in fear,
A world’s death-agonies all mixed in his !
Ay ! — he forgot all this. He only saw
Jerusalem,— the chosen, the loved, the lost !
He only felt that for her sake his life
Was vainly given, and in his pitying love
The sufferings that would clothe the heavens in black
Were quite forgotten. Was there ever love,
In earth or heaven, equal unto this ?

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

JERUSALEM.

FAIR shines the moon, Jerusalem,

Upon the hills that wore

Thy glory once, their diadem

Ere Judah's reign was o'er :

The stars on hallowed Olivet

And over Zion burn,

But when shall rise thy splendor set ?

Thy majesty return ?

The peaceful shades that wrap thee now

Thy desolation hide ;

The moonlit beauty of thy brow

Restores thine ancient pride ;

Yet there, where Rome thy Temple rent,

The dews of midnight wet

The marble dome of Omar's tent,

And Aksa's minaret.

Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,

And broken are thy walls ;

The harp of Israel sounds no more

In thy deserted halls :

But where thy Kings and Prophets trod,

Triumphant over Death,

Behold the living Son of God, —

The Christ of Nazareth !

The halo of his presence fills

Thy courts, thy ways of men ;

His footsteps on thy holy hills
Are beautiful as then ;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betrayed
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

Woe unto thee, Jerusalem !
Slayer of Prophets, thou,
That in thy fury stonest them
God sent, and sends thee now : —
Where thou, O Christ ! with anguish spent,
Forgav'st thy foes, and died,
Thy garments yet are daily rent, —
Thy soul is crucified !

They darken with the Christian name
The light that from thee beamed,
And by the hatred they proclaim
Thy spirit is blasphemed ;
Unto thine ear the prayers they send
Were fit for Belial's reign,
And Moslem emeters defend
The temple they profane.

Who shall rebuild Jerusalem ?
Her scattered children bring
From Earth's far ends, and gather them
Beneath her sheltering wing ?
For Judah's sceptre broken lies,
And from his kingly stem

No new Messiah shall arise
For lost Jerusalem !

But let the wild ass on her hills
Its foal unfrighted lead,
And by the source of Kedron's rills
The desert adder breed :
For where the love of Christ has made
Its mansion in the heart,
He builds in pomp that will not fade
Her heavenly counterpart.

Bayard Taylor.



Jordan, the River.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

FEW ruins now those willowy banks disclose,
But fresh as in old days the current flows ;
Here lofty reeds and palms shut out the beam,
And there romantic rocks o'erhang the stream.
Rare flowers, man trains not, deck the mossy ground,
And each slight breeze wafts almond-blooms around ;
The bee secure along the lilyed shore
Winds her blithe horn, and steals her honeyed store ;
Blue skies look down on bluer waves ; the air
Is soft and fragrant, as some angel there,
Just flown from Paradise, had spread his plume,
Hushing the earth, and shaking round perfume.

Sweet Jordan ! surely here sad hearts might rest,
And calm Religion love a scene so blest.

How famed this lonely tract in sacred lore !
'T was here the desert prophet roamed of yore ;
Far south dark Nebo lifts its hoary head,
Whence Moses viewed the land he could not tread,
Toward Canaan cast his dim-beholding eye,
And blessed the scene before he sank to die.
Here, too, the mighty seer, Elijah came,
And rose to heaven, upborne by steeds of flame.
In yon wild valley mouldered Ammon lowers,
And shattered walls are seen, and fallen towers ;
There reigned a king who swayed these palmy plains ;
No child of Lot, no subject now remains ;
Lone sits the stork in Ammon's royal halls,
And from her reed-grown courts the bull-frog calls.

Nicholas Michell.

A HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

A MIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Libanon the offspring dear,
When zephyr's flowers unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bare ;

JORDAN, THE RIVER.

Unveiled skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphered;
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

World-wandering sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within those varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, e'er known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest bliss;

From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbor sure
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when Time's hour-glass is run, endure.

Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit;

Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Ind,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.

* * *

No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the loadstar of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possest.

* * *

Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field ;
Vast are desires not limited by grace ;
Life a weak taper is ;
Then, while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.

This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling eurls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness !

William Drummond.

ABSAKOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse. *

The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
O, when the heart is full, — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,

And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery, — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel, and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield, and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, O, for Absalom, —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom, —
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him, — for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

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The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judaea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,

Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

“Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘my father!’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

“But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;

And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voicee, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And O, when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! ’T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ; —
And thy dark sin ! O, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy Absalom ! ”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child ; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

IT was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropped its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank; nor on the grass
Of the broad eircle stretching evenly
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And, hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.
Hither had come the Apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'T was near the flush
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood,—
But like the face of Moses on the mount
Shone his rapt countenanee, and in his eye
Burned the mild fire of love,—and as he spoke
The ear leaned to him, and persuasion swift
To the chained spirit of the listener stole.

Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests,
And the gray eve came on, within their hearts
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream
Still turned its silver courses from his breast
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh One,
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
E'en to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes,
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid
His raiment off, and with his loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs,
In their angelic slightness, meek and bare,
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to his feet and stayed him there,
And said, "Nay, Master! I have need of thine,
Not thou of mine!" And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,
And answered, "Suffer it to be so now;
For thus it doth become me to fulfil
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around him the Apostle's arm,
And drew him gently to the midst. The wood
Was thick with the dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, the Apostle silently
Followed his master's steps,—when lo! a light,
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,

Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;
And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, "This is my much loved Son
In whom I am well pleased," a snow-white dove,
Floating upon its wings, descended through;
And shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled, and fluttered to the Saviour's breast.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Lebanon, the Mount.

MOUNT LEBANON.

BUT see! Day's king, with robes of glory on,
The sun, hath climbed sky-piercing Lebanon!
Like thousand arrows dipped in ruby light,
Beams dart from rock to rock,—all heaven is bright;
The hanging pines shake off their sombre sleep,
With freshened breath the mountain breezes sweep;
The cascades, dashing joyous, catch the ray,
And leap from crag to crag in silvery spray.
Nestling in dells, the hamlet hides from view,
Smoke o'er the deep green foliage curling blue,
But high above, on rocks exposed and bare,
Gray convents hang, as poised in upper air:
The matin bell with music loads the gale,
And listening echo answers from the vale.

O'er all, the mountains lift their crests of snow,
Nature's grand crown where stainless jewels glow ;
E'en the huge cedars, standing dark and lone,
That years and storms have bowed, but not o'erthrown,
Whose shade might hallow priest or prophet's tomb,
Hail morning's smile, and half forget their gloom.

Nicholas Michell.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

YE ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
When millions for a battle were arrayed,
And the sky darkened with the vulture's wings.

Long silence followed on the battle-cries ;
First the bones whitened, then were seen no more ;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,
Men left the desert tents for marble walls ;
Then rose the towers from whence they watched the
stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perished,— those imperial towers
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom ;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees, are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that marked earth's earlier clime :
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witnessed,— but yet more remains ;
The mind's great empire is but just begun ;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and free ;
More glorious than the glories known of old,—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea ?

All that the past has taught is not in vain,—
Wisdom is garnered up from centuries gone ;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known,— Cedars of Lebanon !

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.



Machærus.

BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS.

MANAHEM.

WELCOME, O wilderness, and welcome, night
And solitude, and ye swift-flying stars
That drift with golden sands the barren heavens,

Welcome once more ! The Angels of the wind
Hasten across the desert to receive me ;
And sweeter than men's voices are to me
The voices of these solitudes ; the sound
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-pools.
And lo ! above me, like the Prophet's arrow
Shot from the eastern window, high in air
The clamorous cranes go singing through the night.
O ye mysterious pilgrims of the air,
Would I had wings that I might follow you !

I look forth from these mountains, and behold
The omnipotent and omnipresent night,
Mysterious as the future and the fate
That hangs o'er all men's lives ! I see beneath me
The desert stretching to the Dead Sea shore,
And westward, faint and far away, the glimmer
Of torches on Mount Olivet, announcing
The rising of the Moon of Passover.
Like a great cross it seems, on which suspended,
With head bowed down in agony, I see
A human figure ! Hide, O merciful heaven,
The awful apparition from my sight !

And thou, Machærus, lifting high and black
Thy dreadful walls against the rising moon,
Haunted by demons and by apparitions,
Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon,
How grim thou showest in the uncertain light,
A palace and a prison, where King Herod

Feasts with Herodias, while the Baptist John
Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life !
And in thy courtyard grows the untithed rue,
Huge as the olives of Gethsemane,
And ancient as the terebinth of Hebron,
Coeval with the world. Would that its leaves
Medicinal could purge thee of the demons
That now possess thee, and the cunning fox
That burrows in thy walls, contriving mischief !

Music is heard from within.

Angels of God ! Sandalphon, thou that weavest
The prayers of men into immortal garlands,
And thou, Metatron, who dost gather up
Their songs, and bear them to the gates of heaven,
Now gather up together in your hands
The prayers that fill this prison, and the songs
That echo from the ceiling of this palace,
And lay them side by side before God's feet !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS.

MANAHEM.

A WAY from this palace of sin !
A The demons, the terrible powers
Of the air, that haunt its towers
And hide in its water-spouts,
Deafen me with the din
Of their laughter and their shouts
For the crimes that are done within !

Sink back into the earth,
Or vanish into the air,
Thou castle of despair !
Let it all be but a dream
Of the things of monstrous birth,
Of the things that only seem !
White Angel of the Moon,
Onafiel ! be my guide
Out of this hateful place
Of sin and death, nor hide
In yon black cloud too soon
Thy pale and tranquil face !

A trumpet is blown from the walls.

Hark ! hark ! It is the breath
Of the trump of doom and death,
From the battlements overhead
Like a burden of sorrow cast
On the midnight and the blast,—
A wailing for the dead,
That the gusts drop and uplift !
O Herod, thy vengeance is swift !
O Herodias, thou hast been
The demon, the evil thing,
That in place of Esther the Queen,
In place of the lawful bride,
Hast lain at night by the side
Of Ahasuerus the king !

The trumpet again.

The Prophet of God is dead !
At a drunken monarch's call,

At a dancing-woman's beck,
They have severed that stubborn neck,
And into the banquet-hall
Are bearing the ghastly head!

A body is thrown from the tower.

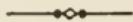
A torch of lurid red
Lights the window with its glow;
And a white mass as of snow
Is hurled into the abyss
Of the black precipice,
That yawns for it below!
O hand of the Most High,
O hand of Adonai!
Bury it, hide it away
From the birds and beasts of prey,
And the eyes of the homicide,
More pitiless than they,
As thou didst bury of yore
The body of him that died
On the mountain of Peor!

Even now I behold a sign,
A threatening of wrath divine,
A watery, wandering star,
Through whose streaming hair, and the white
Unfolding garments of light,
That trail behind it afar,
The constellations shine!
And the whiteness and brightness appear
Like the Angel bearing the Seer

By the hair of his head, in the might
And rush of his vehement flight.
And I listen until I hear
From fathomless depths of the sky
The voice of his prophecy
Sounding louder and more near !

Malediction ! malediction !
May the lightnings of heaven fall
On palae and prison wall,
And their desolation be
As the day of fear and affliction,
As the day of anguish and ire,
With the burning and fuel of fire,
In the Valley of the Sea !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Magdala.

MARY MAGDALENE.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, — and was forgiven ?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,

She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious perfumes poured;

And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart, that ily bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
O, wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much,—and be forgiven!

Thomas Moore.

THE TOWER OF MAGDALA.

MARY MAGDALENE.

COMPANIONLESS, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come to me,
Merchants of Tyre and princes of Damascus,
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;

But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.
I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha !
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with them
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,
And hear them say : Thou that hast brought us here,
Be unto us as thou hast been of old !

I look upon this raiment that I wear,
These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem
Only as cerements wrapped about my limbs !
I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,
And emerald and amethyst and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my flesh !
This serpent on my wrist becomes alive !
Away, thou viper ! and away, ye garlands,
Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back
Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers !
But yesterday,—and yet it seems to me
Something remote, like a pathetic song
Sung long ago by minstrels in the street,—
But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed
Over the olive and the walnut trees
Upon the lake and the white ships, and wondered
Whither and whence they steered, and who was in them,
A fisher's boat drew near the landing-place
Under the oleanders, and the people

Came up from it, and passed beneath the tower,
Close under me. In front of them, as leader,
Walked one of royal aspect, clothed in white,
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,
And all at once the air seemed filled and living
With a mysterious power, that streamed from him,
And overflowed me with an atmosphere
Of light and love. As one entranced I stood,
And when I woke again, lo ! he was gone;
So that I said : Perhaps it is a dream.

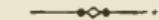
- But from that very hour the seven demons
That had their habitation in this body,
Which men call beautiful, departed from me !

This morning, when the first gleam of the dawn
Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I beheld
An angel, or a spirit glorified,
With wind-tossed garments walking on the lake.
The face I could not see, but I distinguished
The attitude and gesture, and I knew
'T was he that healed me. And the gusty wind
Brought to mine ears a voice, which seemed to say :
Be of good cheer ! 'T is I. Be not afraid !
And from the darkness, scarcely heard, the answer :
If it be thou, bid me come unto thee
Upon the water ! And the voice said : Come !
And then I heard a cry of fear : Lord, save me !
As of a drowning man. And then the voice :
Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little faith !
At this all vanished, and the wind was hushed,

And the great sun eame up above the hills,
 And the swift-flying vapors hid themselves
 In eaverns among the roeks ! Oh, I must find him
 And follow him, and be with him forever !

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
 The souls of flowers lie pent, the preeious balm
 And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
 Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
 Nursed by the sun and dew, not all unworthy
 To bathe his conseerated feet, whose step
 Makes every threshold holy that he crosses ;
 Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
 Thou and I only ! Let us search for him
 Until we find him, and pour out our souls
 Before his feet, till all that 's left of us
 Shall be the broken caskets that once held us !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Mizpeh.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God, O my sire !
 Demand that thy daughter expire,
 Sinee thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
 Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more :

If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this, O my father ! be sure,—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent !
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free !

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died !

Lord Byron.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SHE stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasped
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful, dark Jewish eyes to heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft

Of a pomegranate blossom ; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath, to hear ; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swelled,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love.
She looked like one to die for it, — a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections. I have thought
A brother's and a sister's love were much ;
I know a brother's is, for I have been
A sister's idol, and I know how full
The heart may be of tenderness to her !
But the affection of a delicate child
For a fond father, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on,
Through all earth's changes, like a river's course,
Chastened with reverence, and made more pure
By the world's discipline of light and shade, —
'T is deeper, holier.

The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals ;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.

They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe.
The stately horse treads proudly,—he hath trod
The brow of death as well. The chariot-wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. Man is there,—
Majestic, lordly man,—with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph, for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a winepress down!

The mighty Jephtha led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs

Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,
Unchanged and beautiful ; and one by one
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things stole up,
Like the recovered passages of dreams.

He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reached his home ; when lo ! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him. O, how beautiful !
Her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem,
And her luxuriant hair ! — 't was like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck, — he heeded not.
She called him "father," — but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth ?
There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.
Had sickness seized him ? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God, in agony.
She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed
Again into his arms ; and, with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her, — and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance ; and then the soul

Of Jephtha's daughter wakened ; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 't was well, —
And she would die.

* * *

The sun had wellnigh set.

The fire was on the altar ; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A pallid man
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words.
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful, — her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper ; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.

The sun set, —

And she was dead, — but not by violence.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.



Moriah (Zion), the Mount.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind ;

And nature, from the wavy forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning ! meet—
Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uneovered. 'T is his wont
To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient ;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore strength. But now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noon tide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at its pencilled messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son !

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watched their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
E'en in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
As a white lamb for sacrifice ? They trod

Together onward, patriarch and child,—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair proportions, as of one
Whose years were freshly numbered. He stood up,
Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him.
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious East
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Everything he met,
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering; turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
A look up to the face whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon,—

And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son and pray;
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh, man was made
For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand chords,
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,

Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment,—and a deep, quick flush
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke,—
“Isaac! my only son!” The boy looked up,
And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.
“Where is the lamb, my father?” Oh, the tones,
The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!
How it doth agonize at such an hour!
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and called on God,—
And lo! God’s angel stayed him,—and he fell
Upon his face, and wept.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

THE TEMPTATION.

LUCIFER.

TOO weak, alas! too weak is the temptation
For one whose soul to nobler things aspires
Than sensual desires!
Ah, could I, by some sudden aberration,
Lead and delude to suicidal death
This Christ of Nazareth!

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,
With its resplendent domes, and manifold

Bright pinnacles of gold,
Where they await thy coming, O Messiah !
Lo, I have brought thee ! Let thy glory here
Be manifest and clear.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture,
Descending with the bright triumphant host
Of all the highermost
Archangels, and about thee as a vesture
The shining clouds, and all thy splendors show
Unto the world below !

Cast thyself down, it is the hour appointed ;
And God hath given his angels charge and care
To keep thee and upbear
Upon their hands his only Son, the Anointed,
Lest he should dash his foot against a stone,
And die, and be unknown.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nain.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat

Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'T was now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city,—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices,—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And, by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walked with forgetful sadness, 't was of one
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one,—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her short steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.

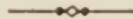
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone,
A widow with one son. He was her all,—
The only tie she had in the wide world,—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay,
Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spiey breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the Sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on,
From every swelling mount he saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The placee of his next errand; and the path
Touched not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Followed the striken mourner. They came near
The placee of burial, and with straining hands
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,

And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its eerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.



Nebo, the Mount.

MOUNT NEBO.

UPON the banks of Jordan,
The host of Israel's name,
All Jacob's seed encampéd,
Who out of Egypt came.

There lay the tribes, wide-spreading,—
There rest the pilgrims found,
Weary, with long years treading
The sandy desert round.

There from their hands the wanderers
Their staves have laid aside,
And spread them woollen blankets,
Their girdles loosening wide!
And on their robes reclining
In picturesque array,
The brown and swarthy travellers,
With beards dark-curling, lay.

Their tent-staves there were pitchéd,
Their linen veils outspread,
And in the midst was raiséd
The Tabernacle's head.
Between them and the sunbeams
Green foliage shadow flings,
They filled their leathern bottles
At fresh cool water-springs.

With oil their bodies laving,
They washed away the sand;
The driver there was stroking
The camel with his hand;
And in the pastures round them
The quiet cattle lay;
Wild horses stared and bounded
With flowing manes away.

The weary joined in praises,
With hands upraised to heaven,
That now to all their travels
The longed-for end was given.
But some were busy whetting
Their swords with eager hand,
To combat for the pastures
Of their rich green fatherland.

It seemed for them awaiting,—
A land of endless store,
Like God's own garden smiling
On Jordan's other shore.
Through many a desert-journey
In spirit they had seen
That land of milk and honey,
Now lying there so green !

They shouted in the valley
“Canaan !” with joyous tone,—
Their leader up the pathway
Of the mountain toiled alone.
His snow-white locks were flowing
About his shoulders spread,
And golden beams were glowing
Upon his reverend head.

To see the promised country,
Before he died, intent,
Rapt in the glorious vision,
He, trembling, forwards bent.

There glittered all the pastures,
With thousand charms outspread,—
The land he sees with longing,
The land he ne'er must tread !

The plains, far out extending,
All rich with corn and vines,
And many a white stream, wending
Through rich green meadows, shines.
With milk and honey flowing
As far as eye can span,
All in the sunshine glowing
From Beersheba to Dan.

“Canaan ! Mine eyes have seen thee !
Let death undreaded come !
In gentle whispers breathing,
Lord ! call thy servant home !”
On light soft clouds descending
Upon the mountain’s brow
He came ; — the pilgrim people
Have lost their leader now !

Upon the mountain brightening
'T is glorious there to die !
When all the clouds are whitening
In the radiant morning sky ;
Far down below beholding
Wood, field, and winding stream,—
And lo ! above unfolding
Heaven’s golden portals gleam.

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. J. Gostick.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

WEEP, weep for him, the man of God,—
In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred head.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,
His words refreshed like heaven's dew,—
O, ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land,—and died!
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, passed away!
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Thomas Moore.

MOUNT NEBO.

So Moses, servant of the Lord, died there,
Out in the land of Moab, as the Lord
Had spoken. He buried him, also,
Over against Beth-peor, in a vale
Of Moab; but, unto this day, no man
Knoweth his sepulchre, nor yet can tell
Where Moses, servant of the Lord, is laid.

Now ere he died, we read that Moses clomb
(The Holy Spirit moving him thereto)
Up from the plain of Moab to the mount
Called Nebo, from a lofty peak whereof —
The towering peak of Pisgah — God the Lord
Showed him (yea! even from Pisgah that o'erlooks
The walled and towered pride of Jeriehō)
The land of Gilead stretching out to Dan,
And all of Naphtali and Ephraim,
Manasseh and all Judah's wide expanse
Unto the utmost sea :
The balmy-breathing south, — the fertile plain
Of Jericho, the palm-tree city hight,
In one glad dream of beauty unto Zoar!
And when the servant of the Lord had looked
One eagle-look on that fair map below
(As he was bid), thus spake to him the Lord :
“This is the land I sware to Abraham,
To Isaac, and to Jacob when I said,
‘Lo! I will give it for an heritage

For thee and thine, and for thy seed for aye.'
Now have I caus'd thee to look on it,
And see it with thine eyes; yet know, O man!
That never from this awful peak shalt thou,
Descending, cross unto those pleasant plains
Thus fully to possess them. Thou shalt die
Here,—where thou standest, and be gathered in
Unto thy people,—as upon Mount Hor
Thy brother Aaron, who with thee once sinned
So grievously at Meribah."

George Gordon McCrae.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"**A**ND he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall!
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, — O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment-Day,

And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still :
 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell,
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.



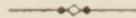
Olivet, the Mount.

MOUNT OLIVET.

FAREWELL ! on Olivet's famed mount we stand,
 And view once more this sad but glorious land ;
 Here, lost in thought, the bard might linger long,
 But we must break our dream, and close our song.
 The sun with purple paints the western hills,
 And earth and heaven a holy quiet fills ;
 Calm in her desolation Salem sleeps,
 Round Omar's mosque the tall green cypress weeps ;
 Soft gleam the rays on church and convent-spire,

And each slight minaret is tipped with fire :
Peace, like an angel, midst the coming gloom
O'er Calvary hangs, and wraps Messiah's tomb.
A spell on that dim city seems to lie,
And hush the hills around, and crimson sky ;
It is not age or mystery or despair,
It is not death which casts a shadow there,
But sadness for a blighted, fallen race,
A once proud nation that has lost its place, —
A sorrow that invests each ancient spot,
By feeling reverened, memory ne'er forgot,
And as we muse and think of brighter years,
The eye still gazes on, and fills with tears.

Nicholas Michell.



Padan-aram.

JACOB'S DREAM.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain-zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine !
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air :
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed his evening
prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered, — darkness fell
 Upon the twilight hills ; a sudden sound
 Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell ;
 Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,
 Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound ;
 Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
 Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
 Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
 Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard, — a choir of golden strings,
 Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose ;
 Then chariot-wheels, — the nearer rush of wings ; —
 Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,
 It thunders, — the resplendent gates unclose ;
 Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
 Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
 Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
 Till all is lost in one supreme, unmixed light.

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
 Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
 Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command :
 They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom ;
 Father of countless myriads that shall come,
 Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
 Till He is given whom angels long to see,
 And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

George Croly.

Palmyra (Tadmor).

PALMYRA.

WHITE as hot steel the broad sun mounts the skies,
The burning vapors quivering as they rise.
No beast, no wandering bird, doth hither come,
Not e'en an insect wakes her drowsy hum.
But lo ! the hills on which some dark curse rests,
Barren their sides, all rocks their dreary crests,
Approach with frowns, and form a savage dell,
Where snakes retreat, and vultures love to dwell.
Silent and strange along this craggy way,
Rise countless towers that brave thy hand, Decay !
Did busy men once live, and flourish here,
Their palaces yon piles so old and drear ?
Draw nearer,—scan each building's dark recess;
What mean those crumbling bones, that mouldered
dress ?

Yes, these are tombs, as many a mummy shows,
Where man in distant ages found repose ;
The street of graves ! where kings laid down their pride,
And many a restless phantom yet may glide :
Murdered Longinus here may wander still,
And she whose dust was laid by Tibur's hill,
Far-famed Zenobia, for her kingdom wail,
Sweeping with viewless form the desert gale.

*

*

*

Deserted Tadmor ! queen of Syria's wild !

Well mayst thou fill with rapture Faney's child ;
Yet not by day -- too garish, harsh, and rude --
The eye should sean thy fairy solitude ;
But when the still moon pours her hallowing beam,
And erumbling shrine and palace whitely gleam,
Then pause beneath the lofty arch, and there
Survey the mouldings rieh and sculptures fair ;
See how like speetral giants columns stand,
And east long shadows o'er the yellow sand ;
How the soft light on marble traeery plays,
And busts look life-like through that silvery haze !
Tread the long colonnade, where Traffie's throng,
And chief and sage were wont to sweep along ;
Ruin on ruin mouldering, still and lone,
Arch following arch, fane, massy wall o'erthrown,
And still beyond, some line of columns gray,
In long perspeetive stretching far away, —
These will the stars in desolation show,
Shedding o'er all a soft ethereal glow,
Till beauty searee of earth around us beams,
And like the home of spirits, Tadmor seems.

* * *

And are no dwellers here ? — no beings found
Within Palmyra's wide and haunted bound ?
Yes, eome and see — where Beauty, in old days,
Touched her sweet harp, and blushed at her own praise ;
There rears the desert-bird her eallow brood,
And shrieks along the untrodden solitude.
Yes, eome and see — where kings in eounceil sate
On ivory thrones, mid all the pomp of state ;
There mopes the owl with shining sleepless eye,

And growls the hyena, stealing slowly by.
Commerce in Tadmor fixed her gorgeous seat;
Her voice was heard through every busy street:
The caravan brought gems from Persia's shore,
Tyre sent her cloths, and Ind her golden store;
And this long ages saw, till Syria's mart
Drew and poured forth wealth's streams, — a mighty
heart !

Now come and see — within yon pillared walls,
Mid tottering shafts and broken capitals,
Squalid and lorn, cut off from all mankind,
In tattered garbs, to wretchedness consigned,
. A few poor Arabs crouch, — with senseless stare
They view the pomp and beauty lingering there,
Tend their lean goats, to Mecca idly bow,
The only merchants, only princes now !

* * *

City of Solomon ! whose fame and power,
And wondrous wealth, began in earth's young hour;
How, mid her fallen pomp, thought wanders back
O'er vanished days, — a sad yet dazzling track.
Arabia's fierce and desolating horde,
Rome's conquering eagle, Babylonia's sword,
All we behold, but chief one form appears,
Rising all radiant from the gulf of years :
Proud is her step, her dark eye varying oft,
Now flashing fire, now languishingly soft;
The jewelled crown well suits that brow serene, —
'T is great Zenobia, Tadmor's glorious queen.
Beauty hath oft put War's dread helmet on,
Since her who ruled earth-conquering Babylon;

Yet not Semiramis, who boasts her bays,
Nor Gaul's bold maid, who graced these later days,
Swayed the rough hearts of men with wilder power,
Or met more bravely battle's dreadful hour,
Than she on whom pleased fame and fortune smiled,
The dark-haired mistress of the Syrian wild.

But now the conqueror's brighter hour has passed,
And fair Zenobia's star goes down at last.
The Roman comes,—his legions file around
Doomed Tadmor's walls, to deafening trumpets' sound.
Aurelian bids the desert princess yield,
But hark! her answer—clashing sword and shield!
Girt by her chiefs, her proud plumed head she rears,
Defies the foe, and each faint spirit cheers;
Her milk-white courser prances round the wall,
Her gestures, looks, and words inspiring all.
Through opened gates her troops are sallying now,
Still in their front appears that dauntless brow;
Where'er her silver wand is seen to wave,
There rush the boldest, and there fall the brave,
And when borne back by Rome's immense array,
She fights retreating, pauses still to slay.

But ceaseless war, and famine's tortures slow,
Wear bravery out, and bring Palmyra low.
'T was then the Queen, to crush the despot's might,
Passed from the gates beneath the veil of night,
Hers still the hope from Persia aid to call,
Save her loved land, and stay Palmyra's fall.
With fluttering heart, but calm and fearless eye,

Across the trackless desert see her fly !
On swept the camel with unflagging speed,
As though he knew that hour of deadly need ;
Her Syrian guards o'er Arab steeds might lean,
But not keep pace with her, their flying Queen.
What recked she drifting sand or scorching sun ?
What recked she pain or toil, that mission done ?
Come hunger, thirst, — on, on her course must be,
Each swift-winged hour brought, Tadmor, doom to thee !

Lo ! on their track, through clouds of rising sand,
Bright helms were seen, now glittered spear and brand ;
Then horsemen forward dashed, — a long-drawn row, —
'T was Rome's dread troops, the fierce pursuing foe !
They saw, and hailed, — across the waste was borne
The hoarse, deep note of many a trumpet-horn ;
And on they came, like winds careering fast,
Not half so fearful sweeps the simoom blast ;
They brought for her who scoured those desert plains,
Woe and disgrace, captivity and chains.

But still Zenobia flew ; the steeds that bore
Her guards had sunk, — those chiefs could aid no more ;
And now that camel shaped his course alone, —
He reared his head as louder blasts were blown,
And strained each nerve, his soft black drooping eye
Telling of suffering, fear, and agony ;
Unhappy, faithful thing ! that still would brave
Toil, peril, death, his royal charge to save.

'T was vain : as hounds at length chase down the deer,
The Roman horsemen drew more near and near ;

Though some fell back, or sank upon the way,
 Yet others, slowly gaining, reached the prey.
 They halted, wheeled,— their armor's dazzling sheen
 Formed a dread wall round Syria's fated queen ;
 Hope fled her breast,— she yielded,— ruined now,
 But still majestic shone that high-born brow.
 Ah ! as they led their prisoner o'er the plain,
 No more to rule, but grace a tyrant's train,
 And, exiled, pine where wooded Anio sweeps,
 Far from her desert home and palmy steeps,
 The sun of Syria's power went down in night,
 On Freedom's tree there rained a withering blight,
 Glory to proud Palmyra sighed adieu,
 And o'er her shrines Destruction's angel flew.

Nicholas Michell.

PALMYRA.

FULL in the centre, towering through the storm,
 See cloudy Taurus lift his rugged form,—
 Monarch of mountains ! nature's awful throne,
 Where grandeur frowns in terrors all his own ;
 Deep rooted there unnumbered cedars throw
 Their giant shadows on the plains below ;
 There loudly gushing from the mountain's side
 Euphrates rolls his dark and rapid tide,
 Then far beneath glides silently away
 Through groves of palm and champaigns ever gay.

But as these scenes of sunny calm delight
 Recede at length and vanish from the sight,
 What barren solitudes of scorched sand

Deform and desolate the fainting land !
No freshening breeze revives the lifeless air,
No living waters sweetly murmur there,
Dry fevers kindle pestilential fires,
All nature droops, and withered life expires !

But deep embosomed in that sandy plain,
Like distant isles emerging from the main,
A radiant spot with loveliest beauty crowned
Oncee bloomed in contrast with the seenes around,
By nature's lavish hand profusely graeed,
The blessed Eden of the joyless waste.
On every side luxuriant palm-trees grew,
And henee its name the rising city drew,
And though their loveliness has passed away,

The name still lives and triumphs o'er decay.
Two sheltering hills preeipitously swell
On either hand, and form a narrow dell :
Thenee to the east with undulating bend
Wide and more wide their spreading arms extend,
Then sink at last with slow retiring sweep,
Like distant headlands sloping to the deep.

Outstretched within upon the silent plains
Lies the sad wreck of Tadmor's last remains ;
Outliving still, through each succeeding age,
The tempest's fury, and the bigot's rage.

He wants no written record who surveys
But one short hour this scene of other days :
These mouldering piles, that sink in slow decay,
In stronger characters the tale convey
Than e'er were traeed by man's divinest art, —
These speak in simple language to the heart.

Far to the south what scenes of ruin lie,
 What sad confusion opens to the eye !
 There shattered columns swell with giant train,
 Line after line along the crowded plain,
 The loosened arch, the roofless colonnade
 Where midday crowds imbibed the cooling shade.

John Henry Bright.

TADMOR OF THE WILDERNESS.

BENEATH the arch of eastern skies,
 On Syria's barren wild,
 Where oft the scowling sand-storm flies,
 And hides the desert child,
 How beautiful to catch the sight
 Of Tadmor's mountain purple height !

And while the flush of evening glows
 Upon the western sky,
 Unequalled by the blushing rose
 Where Sharon's zephyrs sigh,
 How sweet to hear the camel-train
 Come tinkling home across the plain !

Gigantic loom the "desert ships,"
 As steadily they come ;
 While joyfully the Kabyl skips
 Along his houseless home,
 And shakes his spear with childlike glee,
 And cries, "The boundless waste for me!"

The boundless waste, the fruitless sea,
Where scorching rays are cast,
The steed that with the wind can flee,
When danger gathers fast,
The scanty tent, the brackish spring,
And Night, that comes with jewelled wing :

The solitude where footprints die,
And prowling lions tread,
Where caravans of wealth sweep by,
In watchfulness and dread :
And sink to sleep and wake to know
That Ishmael is still their foe.

And now, behold, from towering hill,
The howling city stand
In silver moonlight sleeping still,
So beautiful and grand ;
No sadder sight has earth than this :
'T is Tadmor of the Wilderness.

Half buried in the flowerless sand
Whirled by the eddying blast,
Behold her marble columns stand,
Huge relics of the past ;
And o'er her gates of solid stone
The sculptured eagle fronts the sun.

Palmyra ! thou wert great indeed,
When through thy portals passed
The Persian on his weary steed,

And found a rest at last
From Samiel's breath, and war's alarms,
Beneath thy tall and waving palms.

Zenobia, mistress of the East,
In glory rested here ;
'Neath yonder porch she held her feast,
While satraps bowed in fear ;
And oft the silver strain came up,
While Bacchus filled her golden cup.

And here she oped her portals wide,
And called the wise around ;
And hither, in her days of pride,
The sage a refuge found ;
And Arab chief and Rabbin hung
On gray-haired wisdom's silver tongue.

When Rome's fierce thousands hither came,
O'er yonder sands she fled,
And here returned in grief and shame,
A sovereign captive led ;
While loud her people's wail arose
Above the shouts of conquering foes.

And when the gleaming cohorts flung
Their banners o'er thy head,
And cymbals clashed and clarions rung,
Before Aurelian's tread,
Then died thy race, and sank thy towers,
And desert lightnings scared thy flowers.

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Quarantania, the Mount.

THE TEMPTATION.

LUCIFER.

NOT in the lightning's flash, nor in the thunder,
Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy storm,
Will I array my form;
But part invisible these boughs asunder,
And move and murmur, as the wind upheaves
And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,
Not in my natural shape, inspiring fear
And dread, will I appear;
But in soft tones of sweetness and persuasion,
A sound as of the fall of mountain streams,
Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn and wasted
With famine, and uplifts his hollow eyes
To the unpitying skies;
For forty days and nights he hath not tasted
Of food or drink, his parted lips are pale,
Surely his strength must fail.

Wherefore dost thou in penitential fasting
Waste and consume the beauty of thy youth?
Ah, if thou be in truth

The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,
Command these stones beneath thy feet to be
Changed into bread for thee !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Rama.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

HEARD ye, from Rama's ruined walls,
That voice of bitter weeping !
Is it the moan of fettered slave,
His watch of sorrow keeping ?
Heard ye, from Rama's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation !
Is it the wail of Israel's sons,
For Salem's devastation ?

Ah, no, — a sorcer ill than chains
That bitter wail is waking,
And deeper woe than Salem's fall
That tortured heart is breaking :
'T is Rachel, of her sons bereft,
Who lifts that voice of weeping ;
And childless are the eyes that there
Their watch of grief are keeping.

O, who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,

As o'er her infant's little grave
 Her wasted form is bending ;
 From many an eye that weeps to-day
 Delight may beam to-morrow ;
 But she, — her precious babe is not !
 And what remains but sorrow ?

Bereavéd one ! I may not chide
 Thy tears and bitter sobbing, —
 Weep on ! 't will cool that burning brow,
 And still that bosom's throbbing :
 But be not thine such grief as theirs
 To whom no hope is given, —
 Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
 Thy infant rests in heaven.

George Washington Doane.



Samaria (Sebaste).

RUINS OF SEBASTE.

BUT seek ye ruins ? Pilgrim, raise thine eye,
 On yon steep mount what whitening reliës lie ?
 'T is Herod's city, built where Israel reared
 Samaria's walls, ere conquering Rome appeared,
 Royal Sebaste, crowning Shemer's brow,
 A spot of wildness and of silence now.
 See you fair pillars threatening soon to fall,
 Once rich with gold, they graced a royal hall ;

Calm on their tops the raven folds his wing,
And round their base long grass and thistles spring :
And this was Herod's palace, luxury's slave,
Who ruled the land to Jordan's northern wave ;
And here his goblets flowed, fair women sang,
And charming night, sweet harp and tabret rang :
Yes, by these pillars, mourners of the wild,
Once danc'd Herodias' beauty-beaming child ;
Here waved her locks, and pealed her laughter sweet,
And, light as fairy's, gleamed her sandalled feet.
The prince, who gazed with rapture in his eye,
Naught to that fair enchantress could deny :
A mother's hate then burned, and sped the blow
That smote a prophet in those cells below.

But Christian relies, too, are rising near ;
Shall not yon moss-grown fane the heart revere ?
The massy buttress and the solid tower
Reluctant yield to Time's o'erwhelming power ;
No more shall sound beneath those arches dim,
The voice of prayer, the holy choral hymn ;
No more the priest his burning censer swing,
Or the soul mount on rapt Devotion's wing.
Helena ! peace to thee, whose pious hand
With Christian shrines thus decked this sainted land ;
Bright on thy memory honor's beams be shed !
As amaranths now adorn thine angel head.

Nicholas Michell.

Shechem (Nablous).

SHECHEM.

YET hallowed be the land where Joseph sleeps,
 And Jacob's Well, tradition guards and keeps.
 Though gone the shrine which graced the holy hill,
 Green wave the woods on high Gerizim still :
 Soft pipes the lonely bird at dying day,
 Where incense rolled, and priests were wont to pray,
 And Ebal, towering north of Shechem's vale,
 Lifts its wild rocks, and echoes back the tale ;
 Each knoll in emerald mantle seems arrayed,
 And countless rills make music through the shade.

Nicholas Michell.

*Siloam, the Pool of.*

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

WEND o'er the waste where now no floweret springs,
 But bloomed of yore the "Garden of the Kings";
 Ye reach an opening pierced in Ophel's side,
 While high beyond the huge mosque lifts its pride,—
 'T is cool Siloam's fount; when palms grew round,
 Here Jewish minstrels woke their harps' sweet sound,
 And Hebrew sages, on these rocks reclined,

Taught listening crowds, and scattered pearls of mind,
This rugged path the blessed Apostles trod,
Beneath yon arch once stood their King, their God ;
And here the wretch whose eyes were sealed in night,
At Mercy's word received the gift of sight. •

Now, on these steps worn smooth by countless feet,
Young Arab maids at eve are wont to meet,
Their fair heads bearing pitchers, and their hands
Wreathing the well's dark sides with flowery bands.
Thou blessed fount ! whose crystal waters still
Bubble unchanged beneath that holy hill, —
Fire, war, and ruin, wasting on each side,
Have left untouched thy pure and sparkling tide,
A living coolness in that cell below,
Health in thy dew, and music in thy flow.
Sure angels, while deserting Salem's towers,
And Zion's Mount, and David's perished bowers,
Might hither come, and sorrowing vigil keep,
Glide through the shade, above those waters weep,
And fold their wings, resolving ne'er to flee,
The lingering guardians, hallowed fount ! of thee.

Nicholas Michell.



Sodom and Gomorrah.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“ **G**ET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day !
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away !
'T is the vintage of blood, 't is the fulness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime ! ”

The warning was spoken ; the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone ;
All gay was the banquet ; the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'T was an evening of beauty ; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom ;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance ;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye ;
Midst rites of obsceneness, strange, loathsome, ab-
horred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark ! the growl of the thunder,— the quaking of
earth !
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth !
The black sky has opened,— there 's flame in the
air,—
The red arm of Vengeance is lifted and bare !

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song
And the low tone of love had been whispered along ;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour !

Down,—down on the fallen the red ruin rained,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrained :
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given ;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven !
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of the plain !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Sychar.

THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord ! to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came ; but O, her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of thee, nor thought to find
The hope of Israel there.

Lord ! 't was thy power, unseen, that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn of thee
The secrets of thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams, unknown before,

The water-brooks of life, that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we 've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory thou !

No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see ;
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
And find our all in thee.

Sir Edward Denny.



Syrian Desert.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

A WEARY waste of blank and barren land,
A lonely, lonely sea of shifting sand,
A golden furnaee gleaming overhead,
Scorching the blue sky into bloody red ;

And not a breath to cool, and not a breeze
To stir one feather of the drooping trees ;
Only the desert wind with hungry moan,
Seeking for life to slay, and finding none ;
Only the hot Sirocco's burning breath,
Spangled with sulphur-flame, and winged with death ;
No sound, no step, no voice, no echo heard,
No cry of beast, no whirring wing of bird ;
The silver-crested snake hath crept away
From the fell fury of that Eastern day ;
The famished vultures by the failing spring
Droop the foul beak and fold the ragged wing ;
And lordly lions, ere the chase be done,
Leave the blank desert to the desert-sun.

Ah ! not alone to him, — turn thee and see
Beneath the shadow of yon balsam tree
A failing mother of a fainting son
Resting to die deserted and alone.
Turn thee and mark the mother's gentle care
Stripping the fillet from her silken hair,
So it may fall to shade his feeble frame,
A glossy curtain from the noonday flame ;
See, — at her feet the shrivelled flagon east,
The last drop drained, the sweetest and the last.
Drained at her darling's lip to still his cries,
A mother's free and final sacrifice.
Look, — she hath taken it, and yet again
Presses the flagon, — presses — but in vain.
The scrip is emptied and the flagon dry,
And nothing left them but the leave to die.

To die, — and one so young and one so true,
And both so beautiful and brave to view:
She, — with her braided locks more black than night,
And eye so darkly, deeply, wildly bright;
He, — with his slender limbs and body bare,
And small hands tangled in his mother's hair,
And there to whiten on the desert-sands,
A landmark for the laden desert bands !
That thought is stamping anguish on her brow,
That dread hath taught her what she utters now.

“ Son of my soul ! the happy days are done ;
Thy little course and mine are nearly run ;
The white tents wave on Kirjath-Arba’s plain,
No home for us, — no resting-place again :
Before yon orb is sunken from the sky
Together in the desert we must die.”

Yet was she speaking ; but the cry of joy
Burst from the bosom of the dying boy.
His eager finger pointed to the plain,
His eye had light, his cheek its life again.
"Look, mother ! look ! we will not die to-day ;
Look where the water glistens ! come away ! "

She turned, — O, fairest sight, if sight it be,
The sleeping silver of that inland sea.
She gazed, — O gaze of hope and life and light !
Those crystal waters glancing pure and bright ;
From Seir's red crags and Hazargaddah's heath,
Eastward to Eder and the Sea of Death.
The dismal wilderness was past and gone,

The waves were streaming where the sands had shone;
Streaming o'er tree and crag, by bush and brake,
The silent splendor of a windless lake,
In whose broad wave so radiantly blue
Each feathered palm, each lonely plant that grew,
Each mountain on the distant desert-side
Shone double, shadowed in the sleeping tide.
Yet was it strange! no dream so passing strange,
As the quick phantom of that fairy change;
And stranger still, that ever as they came
To lave the burning lip, and brow of flame,
The waters fading far and farther still,
Cheated their chase and mocked their baffled will.
Alas! no pleasant waters rippled there;
The lying mirage lured them to despair.

She saw it fading, and there came a cry
Out from her heart of wildest agony;
She knew it gone, and strove to stand and speak
While the life withered in her whitened cheek.
Then her lip quivered, and her lashes fell,
And her tongue faltered in its faint farewell,
“ Man had no mercy,—God will show us none,—
Ishmael! I dare not see thee die, my son!”

Tenderly, lovingly, her load she laid
Where no sun glistened in the grateful shade;
Softly she pillow'd on the sands his head,
And spread her mantle for his dying bed;
No gems were there to deck the lowly bier,
But the pure lustre of a mother's tear;

No fragrant spices for the sleep of death,
But the soft fragrance of a mother's breath ;
No tearful eye, no tributary tongue,
To tell his fate who died so fair and young ;
No better mourner for the boy than she
Who weeps to see him what herself shall be :
Than she who sits apart with sidelong eye
Waiting till he hath died that she may die ;
And buries all her forehead in her hair,
Weeping the bitter tears of black despair.

So is the desert-said their death and grave,
No hope of help, no pitying hand to save !

None ! was it then the icy lip of death
Or low winds laden with the roses' breath
That kissed her forehead ? was it earthly sound,
Floating like fairy voice above, around ;
Or splendid symphonies of seraph-kings
Striking the music from unearthly strings,
Whose touch hath startled her ? what inward strife
Stirs the still apathy of parting life ?
What sense of power unseen, of presence hid,
Lifts from her lightless eyes the unwilling lid ?
She rose, — she turned, — there in that lonely place
God's glory flashed upon her lifted face.

And with the glory came an angel voice,
"Hagar, what ailest ? rouse thee, and rejoice !
Look up, and live ! God's ever-opened ear
Hath patient hearing for a mother's prayer.
Arise, take up the boy, — his pleading cry
Came up to God, and had its end on high ;

And God shall make him, in his own good time,
A mighty people, in a pleasant clime."

Then was her sight unsealed, and lo! at hand
A spring was sparkling in the desert sand;
Sparkling with crystal water to the brim,
Fringed with the date, and rimmed with lilyed rim.
Swiftly she speeded to the fountain's brink,
And drew a draught, and gave her boy to drink,
And watched the little lips that lingered still,
Nor tasted drop till he had drunk his fill.
Then on bent knees, with tear and smile at strife,
Mother and child, they quaffed the liquid life;
And stayed to smile, and drank to smile again,
Till sweet and cheerful seemed the silent plain;
And young leaves dancing on the desert trees
To the low music of the passing breeze,
And birds of passage with their homeward wings,
And fireflies wheeling in their lighted rings,
And flowers unfolding where the glare was gone
Spake but one tale, — Hope ever, and Hope on!

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Edwin Arnold.



Tyre (Soor).

TYRE.

THE dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandoned summit, crowned of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;

Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs ;
 Where rich Damaseus piled his fleeces white,
 Prepared, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flowering shuttle. While the admiring world
 Crowded her streets ; ah ! then the hand of pride
 Sowed imperceptible his poisonous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not even the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
 Not even the dust they sank in ; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurled
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient site ; a monument to those,
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

John Dyer.

TYRE.

AND this is Tyre, — the mighty mart of old,
 City of merchants ! conquering kings with gold !
 Through whose long streets that knew no dull repose,
 Like stormy waves, the voice of Commerce rose,
 While palaces, each worthy Ocean's queen,
 O'erlooked in dazzling pride the busy scene.
 Here Afrie brought her ivory and rich plumes,
 Ophir her gems, Arabia her perfumes ;
 The adventurous Tyrian sent his daring sail,
 Where'er might roll the waves or sweep the gale ;

Strange that to power no state or people grew,
 From age to age their glory to renew;
 But like the sun they gain meridian height,
 Blaze their appointed time, then sink in night;

* * *

And so Tyre fell,—her riches could not save;
 The city of the proud is now a grave,
 Swept, like her daughter Carthage, by the wings
 Of ages, from the list of living things.

And so Tyre fell,—where rose her granite towers,
 And shone her palaced streets, and jewelled bowers,
 The goatherd heedless roves, nor asks her name,
 Nor recks her glories past and ancient fame.
 He sees bowed arch, an aqueduct, and well,
 But who their builders were he cannot tell.
 The wave, unsympathizing, beats the strand,
 Moss clothes black fragments buried deep in sand,
 And sea-birds, stooping in their ocean flight,
 Pass with wild shrieks the vanished city's site.

Nicholas Michell.

TYRE.

SO did thy ships to earth's wide bounds proceed,
 SO Tyre! and thou wert rich and beautiful
 In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,
 Thy daughter, and the rival of thy fame,
 Upon the sands of Lybia; princes were
 Thy merchants; on thy golden throne thy state
 Shone, like the orient sun. Dark Lebanon
 Waved all his pines for thee; for thee the oaks
 Of Bashan towered in strength: thy galleys cut,

Glittering, the sunny surge ; thy mariners,
On ivory benches, furled the embroidered sails,
That looms of Egypt wove, or to the oars,
That measuring dipped, their choral sea-songs sung ;
The multitude of isles did shout for thee,
And cast their emeralds at thy feet, and said,
Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee !

So wert thou glorious on the seas, and saidst,
I am a god, and there is none like me.
But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth :
Howl, for the whirlwind of the desert comes !
Howl ye again, for Tyre, her multitude
Of sins and dark abominations cry
Against her, saith the Lord ; in the mid seas
Her beauty shall be broken ; I will bring
Her pride to ashes ; she shall be no more ;
The distant isles shall tremble at the sound
When thou dost fall ; the princes of the sea
Shall from their thrones come down, and cast away
Their gorgeous robes ; for thee they shall take up
A bitter lamentation, and shall say,
How art thou fallen, renowned city ! thou,
Who wert enthroned glorious on the seas,
To rise no more !

William Lisle Bowles.

TYRE.

THE wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire ;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks
of Tyre, —
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland
roars,

And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long
desire :

“ Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships
of Tyre ? ”

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every
land,

And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have
blown,

Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o'erthrown ;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of
Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the
waves, —

Thou that thyself exaltedst, till kings became thy slaves ?
Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will
obeyed, —

Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore
afraid, —

Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them
strong and sure,

And boasted midst the waters, Shall I not aye endure ?

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely
mart ?

The pomp of purple trappings ; the gems of Syrian
art ;

The silken goats of Kedar; Sabaea's spicy store;
The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward
bore,
When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the
sea
With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid
waste:

There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Shenir's
vales,
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of
sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and
sing:

Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair un-
bound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou thronelss and dis-
crowned!

There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of
the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered
be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:

The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder
now ;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled
brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire :
“ Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships
of Tyre ? ”

Bayard Taylor.

Zarephath.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

THREE fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,
Reft of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The miserable herds
Pined on, and perished mid the scorching fields,
And near the vanished fountains where they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parched mouths, and died.

A holy man,
Who saw high visions of unuttered things,
Dwelt in deep-musing solitude apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark-winged birds,
Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gathered spoils
Down at his feet. So of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill

Which, singing, used to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then, warned of God, he rose and went his way
Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell
Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth
Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepared the last, scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.

The man of God,
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ
Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal, or whether he
Who ruled the ravens wrought within her heart,
I cannot say, but to the stranger's hand
She gave the bread. Then, round the famished boy
Clasping her widowed arms, she strained him close
To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
Wondering and wishfully regarded her
With ill-subdued reproach.

A blessing fell
From the majestic guest, and every morn
The empty store which she had wept at eve,
Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy
That ancient Israel felt when round their camp
The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous health
Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs

Come like a garment. The lone widow mused
On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name
Gave not the praise, but when the silent moon
Moved forth all radiant, on her star-girt throne,
Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed
In the deep chorus of Zidonian song
“Astarte, queen of Heaven!”

But then there came
A day of woe. That gentle boy, in whom
His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord her lip
Called with indignant frenzy. So he came,
And from her bosom took the breathless clay,
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
In supplication that the dead might live.
He rose, and looked upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
While round his polished forehead the bright curls
Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in death's embrace,
It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.
Another prayer arose, — and he, whose faith
Had power o'er nature's elements, to seal
The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from death escaping, was to soar
On ear of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with laboring breast and lifted eyes,
Solicited in anguish. On the dead
Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed

To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness, told how firm
Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
The awful seer laid down his humble lip
Low to the earth, and his whole being seemed
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, if it hath entered heaven,
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again ?

Look ! look upon the boy !
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob,— a shiver,— from the half-scaled eye
A flash like morning,— and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.

The prophet raised
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know
Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,
Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour
Believed, and with the kindling glow of faith
Turned from vain idols to the living God.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

19 - 60 = 56 - (39 - 16) = 17

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